

WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS

MAGAZINE NUMBER



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VOL. XX

FEBRUARY

No. 16

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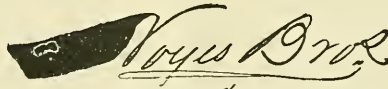
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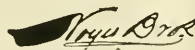
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VOL. XX.

WELLESLEY, FEBRUARY 1, 1912.

No. 16

A DISCOVERY.

WE felt that this strange person, who had come to us from the hospital, was not our father. It was not a fair exchange. This stranger sat in a steamer chair on the porch every day. I can remember that the form beneath the steamer rug scarcely seemed a living thing. There was more life in a wind-blown leaf that whirled across the porch floor than in that limp figure.

We children grew accustomed to the still form, with the white, starched lady hovering near. We hushed our voices and our noisy footsteps as we crossed from the street gate to the door-sill on our way to and from school. Without knowing why, we whispered and tip-toed; but paid no further heed. The strange white person sat silently as we passed on. There was a check upon our natural gladness, as if we were walking in a shadow, which haunted us. Was it the half-seen phantom of illness and death which still lurked about in unsuspected corners of our house? Mother had forgotten how to laugh and she had forgotten how to sing. She had forgotten to do many things for which we hungered, but for which we had forgotten how to ask. Could a letter posted in the chimney for Santa Claus demand this gift? We could not spell the word. What was it?

The autumn lengthened into winter. The snow lay white and glistening, jonquils bloomed on the window-sills. The stranger who sat on our porch now walked about the house. The clean, starched person had given way to mother. Her smile did not drive away the shadow, which followed us. It tracked us from room to room with grim persistence.

One day the stranger called Clara to him. She was frightened and ran away. Then he called me and I went, although my legs shook under me. I thought his eyes were very like my father's, only they were lighter. A strange light burned through them. I gave him my hand, which he put in his. It made me think of a maple leaf, of which the wind and the rain have left only fine ribs. After that

we avoided him carefully, lest he speak to us or touch us. We shrank from him with no little feeling, half fright, half awe. And because mother was always with him, we avoided her.

One day, at dusk, Clara and I were drawing pictures on the window-pane in our room. We blew on the cold glass and then wiped out clean, even lines with our forefingers. We felt the shadow near us. We turned and found mother and the different father just behind us. Our first feeling was that we had been tricked. Suddenly mother had us both in her arms and kissed us. Then we felt wriggly inside.

"It's just the thing we need," she said. "We have to get acquainted now, now that we are—well." Her voice trailed off until it was like the memory of an echo.

There is nothing more delightful than to go to bed in a strange place and, next morning on awakening, to discover it. I lay very still, not a little troubled, with my eyes on one knot in the rough pine walls. Then they traveled over to the open window. The sunshine sifted in through jasmine vines, and a faint perfume drifted in, making the room fragrant. Suddenly, a flood of melody poured forth, delicious, strong, sweet. I landed squarely on the bare floor, for there was no time to lose. I soon thrust my feet through my skirts and my arms through the sleeves of a faded gingham apron, which I found upon a chair. Life is very simple when one is young.

The family discovered each other at the breakfast table. We were all in holiday attire. Even the stranger wore an old shirt and a familiar pair of corduroy trousers which, somehow, didn't seem to fit. There was a red cloth on the table. Mother took off the cereal dishes and brought in a platter of crisp bacon and a plate of toast. Clara and I rose in wrath when the man told mother that she couldn't make coffee "not a little bit." We didn't understand when she said, "You really ought not to, you know—it's your third cup." Then mother smiled.

The spell was broken. Clara slid under the table.

"Bow-wow-wow," she growled.

"Something's got my foot—ouch!" said father.

"Could it be Fido?" ventured mother.

"It is. What shall I give him?"

"Elizabeth's left a bit of bacon, try that."

"No, save it for me, I'm playing," and I scrambled after Clara.

After we had eaten every scrap we went out to discover "Hart's Dearest." Grandfather called the place that because the orange grove never paid for its keeping. From the steps a wide, uneven stretch of ground led down to the little lake. It lay, blue and dancing, in the sunlight. The little pier jutted out, beyond the white sand circle, into its clear depths. During that first morning we explored the entire place: the orange grove, the peach orchard, the stable, where one meek-eyed horse awaited our pleasure, the wood-pile, and the low, rambling, drab-colored cottage. The orchard of young peach trees was half screened from the house by a clump of live-oak trees. The peach trees were in full bloom, and in the warm, bright light, the pink film was tinged with yellow. It seemed as if a roseate cloud had floated down upon the brown branches of the trees. I have often thought of that orchard as a company of young goddesses, veiled in loveliness.

Behind the house lay the orange grove, where we used to walk between the long rows of well-kept trees. There is something young, hopeful, pleasant, about an orange tree. I can remember what a strange thrill it gave me to see the white flowers and the golden fruit amid the green, glossy leaves of a tree. It seemed as if I had come upon a fairyland of magic trees.

I had indeed come into a land of magic trees and flowers and birds. There were the bayonetted palms and the tall pines. There were the live oaks, some of which were covered with gray, hanging moss. They were like old men with grizzled beards. When the wind made the leaves shake, then one caught the gray-green color on the under side. A banana tree stood near the garden gate, and one stalk of green bananas hung upon it. The birds were silver throated. The lizards

darted here and there over the warm stones. Large butterflies, with iridescent wings, floated lazily from jasmine to honey-suckle vine.

At first we were half afraid of these wonders. The place seemed strange and magical to us. We were children of the North, where oaks and maples, robins and sparrows, geraniums and lilacs made up the sum of daily life; where winter time meant bare trees and snow and sleet; where daytime meant school and piano lessons or dancing class; where nighttime meant bright street lamps, lessons, and a bedtime story. At first we were ill at ease and lacked all imagination to pass the hours away. As we grew accustomed to the new life we lacked time in which to play.

Was ever the art of making mud pies more delightfully pursued than on that little pier with clean, white sand and an abundance of water at one's command? Was ever playing lady more easily accomplished? Any palm tree furnished a parasol, and the moss made muffs and boas and curls, and what not. Was ever bathing more delightful than when one stood in the little kitchen shed and mother threw a small pailful of clear cold water over you? You could look below and see it drip through the cracks of the floor. Florida walls and floors seemed half "cracks." One never dressed for dinner, one never washed for school, one never changed one's hair-ribbons. Mother said she hadn't room to bring two pair for two little girls, and we were five miles from any shop. We had to be untidy, that was plain.

The shop was at Tangerine, a place one could not discover upon the map of Florida. Victoria was ten miles away, and that was not a village, in the Northern sense of the word. Twice a week father hitched Pegasus, who stumbled because he was nearly blind, to the wagon, and we drove out through the gate, along the pine road to the post-office. The pine woods were sweet, the brown needles made a thick covering below, and our wagon made its way silently along the road. Later we came to an open place, sandy and wild. Pegasus lifted one foot slowly from its sandy bed and then deliberately sank another. Sometimes we grew restless and walked along by the wagon. The sheltered places showed violets, large and

sweet. Quite often we filled the wagon with pine cones and pine knots. We liked a fire in the cool hours after dinner. We had to push back the table to lie full length before the fire. The light turned the rough pine walls into shadowy tapestries, and the odor that rose from the burning pine was sweet as incense. Sweet was the bowl of violets upon the mantel-shelf. Then mother read the post. She called the letters "snow birds," because they bore us news from the wintry world of the North. Could there be winter in the world, when with us the Cherokee roses were covered with blooms and a mocking-bird sang from a china-berry tree?

We were always out-of-doors. We used to sit for hours on the little side porch, screened by the thick jasmine vines. Mother prepared the grapefruit for the evening meal there. She used to cut the firm, yellow rind and remove it by quarters, then strip away the thick white pith and peel away the skin; then she would lay the glistening sections upon a crystal platter. I can remember catching the yellow in the jasmine flowers, the yellow of the smooth grapefruit rind, and the yellow glint of her wedding ring. Her fingers were so swift and deft, the air was so warm and sweet, father's laughter was so droll, we all seemed woven in a dream.

Housekeeping was a simple art with us. The garden furnished us with a few vegetables, the grove gave us oranges and grapefruit, and a neighbor supplied us with eggs, a little milk, and our fowls. Mr. Jamieson was our nearest neighbor, a "Cracker," who never wore shoes and, to all appearances, never applied razor or brush to his person. He owned some chickens and three lean cows, which, we feared, were pastured on our lawn by night, for we often heard the mournful sound of their bell as we sat by the fire. Mr. Jamieson had five ragged little tow-headed sexless children, each in a single shirt-like garment. He never weighed the

chickens. Father said, "This old suit," or "That bundle of dresses," and Mr. Jamieson produced the fowl. The chickens and children were together on the porch as we drove away.

The butcher came from Victoria on Saturday mornings. He brought fresh meats in a little wagon, which he drove right to the kitchen door. Then he touched his hand to his black cap, pulled at his white apron, and alighted on the bottom step. He always said, "Steak, I take it," because that's all he ever had. Then he opened the little doors in the rear with a sharp click, and a little balance scales sprung out. I can remember that I thought it ought to say "Moo-ooo-ooo," it was so like the bird of a cuckoo clock in automatic appearance. Only "moo-ooo" was more appropriate for a butcher's scales. He weighed out the meat, and mother took it directly on the platter. That night we had it broiled over charcoal for dinner. The butcher closed the doors and stood waiting. Just then, quite by accident, father always came round the house and said, in the most off-hand manner, "Have a cigar, sir?" And the butcher replied, biting off the end, "I'm obliged, sir." I suppose he really was obliged to take it for fear of hurting father's feelings, since father always kept them just for him.

The days in Florida were lovely; the nights were beautiful. Sometimes we used to sit down on the pier to watch the moon rise over the hyacinth-burdened lake; sometimes we walked out under the pines to hear the wind go soughing through their tops; always we used to linger on the porch to smell the jasmine flowers. The Florida sky seemed very near the earth, and the stars burned low. It is a land that folds you close to its heart, until you feel the pulse of the life about you, and your own heart beats with it in rhythmic measure.

ELIZABETH HART, 1912.



AN OLD STORY.

"Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-Eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
Put her in a pumpkin shell
And there he kept her very well."

These four lines tell one of the most complete and interesting stories that I know. It is the story of a thing that happens again and again in life, only sometimes the ending is not so happy. Peter either had a clever streak in him, or else once in his methodical life the light of inspiration burst upon him. Whichever way it was, he did the right thing at the psychological moment and so was able to save the situation.

At first glance the Peters did not seem particularly interesting. They lived in a suburb of New York, so that Peter could get in to business if he started early enough, and they had a moderate income. Peter was a large, good-natured looking man whose clothes occasionally needed pressing, and Mrs. Peter was a dark, wiry, little thing with an eager manner. Seeing them in a street-car you would think: "That's a comfortable, contented couple," and immediately forget them. Yet there was Mrs. Peter being as feminine as the most feminine female can possibly be, and Peter nourishing that hidden spark of genius.

The whole thing began when they had been married for about a year, and it really was Peter's fault. It would have been bad enough for her anyhow; sitting opposite him at breakfast and noticing how fat he was getting and how scant his hair was, but she might have been able to live through that stage, if it hadn't been for the pumpkins. They were, or rather, they came near being, the last straw. Imagine a business man of mediocre appearance consuming pumpkins morning and night and three times on Sunday! Could anything be more unspeakable? Had it been quail, or had he been as handsome as a young Galahad, she might have endured it, but the combination was too much.

When they were first married, of course she did not mind. She was only too glad to know of some dish for which he cared, and she had a delightful time fixing the

pumpkins up in all sorts of dainty little ways to surprise him. She bought individual cups for pumpkin patties, she devised a delicious little pumpkin croquette that melted in the mouth, she concocted pumpkin salad, and her pumpkin pies were absolutely things to dream of. This did very well for several months, but after a time her ingenuity gave out and she began to tire of pumpkin.

"Oh, Peter," she would say when they were sitting reading in the evening. "Oh, Peter."

"Yes, dear," he would say, never looking up from his paper.

"Peter—what shall we have for dinner to-morrow? Let's plan."

Then Peter would lay down his paper and, taking off the glasses he had recently acquired, would look at her in surprise.

"Why, we always have pumpkin on Wednesdays, don't we?" he would say in a tone of gentle reproof, and she would fidget and say, yes, she supposed so, and that would end it for that day.

It grew worse steadily. The market-men invariably showed her new brands of pumpkin and talked to her about the good nourishment and delicious flavor of them. They even brought them around to her house and left them on the kitchen table, unordered. She grew to despise market-men; she knew that they would not eat pumpkin if they were paid for it, and she was sure they winked at one another when she approached. Her friends frequently asked her if Peter was as fond of pumpkin as ever, and then they laughed in a light, condescending manner and said Peter was such a dear, honest chap.

She heard that Peter was called in the city: "The Pumpkin-eater." He told her about it himself, in fact, and had not the grace to blush. He even regarded it as a joke, for he laughed loud and uproariously.

"It's not a bad thing to like, not a bad thing, is it, little girl?" he asked jovially. "We find pumpkin pretty good eating, eh?" She did not smile back, she was too much mortified.

It began to seem to her that his face was turning slowly yellow and that his features were growing less distinct. One night she had an awful dream that she saw

him with a pumpkin on his shoulders, instead of a head. It was some days before she could throw off the impression when out of his sight, that this really had happened. Wherever she went she smelled a faint scent of pumpkin, and she wondered if other people could smell it. She was quite sure that they could tell by her appearance that she was the wife of a man who habitually consumed pumpkin. It would not have been so bad if he had realized what he was doing, even if he had eaten the stuff with the express purpose of making her angry. But he was so absolutely unconscious of it, so utterly without imagination. To eat pumpkin in pique is justifiable, to eat it because you like it is unpardonably stupid.

It was when she was at the very worst of it that Little Boy Blue, who had been growing up to be a very big boy, came home. She had never met him, but she had heard the tale of how he went to sleep instead of tending his sheep, and she had liked it. It was such an essentially sensible thing to do; to find the cool side of the haystack and make yourself comfortable under it, instead of walking around in the heat and getting sunburned. The charming inconsequence, the delightful irresponsibility of the whole incident appealed to her, and she was eager to meet Blue. When she did, she was not disappointed. He was the same care-free fellow, only older and more handsome. He was as ready as ever to waive all questions of duty and convention, and he made love to Mrs. Peter in his customary dashing fashion.

Of course Mrs. Peter did not really care for him, but he was refreshing. After Peter's commonplace remarks, his gay flights of fancy were startlingly clever, and beside, she was desperate. Peter had just taken to eating a little prepared pumpkin before he went to bed. She would hear him fumbling around in the kitchen, and the sound would actually compel her to sing a little love song and gaze straight into Blue's sparkling eyes.

She told Blue about it finally, and he sympathized in a charming manner. They were sitting on a bench by the car-line and she turned to him sharply.

"Do you know Mrs. Spratt?" she demanded.

He started. He had been thinking of a pretty little girl he knew in England, and

wondering whether or not he would run over to see her that summer.

"Er—Mrs. Jack Spratt?" he asked a bit stupidly.

"Of course. There is only one in town."

"O surely." Blue laughed. "She lives two doors from you. A very plump lady who habitually wears purple calico and holds her husband's hand on the front piazza. I often see them."

Mrs. Peter nodded with quivering lips.

"Boy Blue," she said, "do you think I am like her?"

Blue shouted. One of his chief attractions was his infectious laugh.

"You," he gurgled, "you! Yes! Just about as much as I am like Spratt."

She caught her breath.

"Why don't you say 'as much as Peter is like Spratt?'" It would carry out the figure better, he is my husband, you know."

"Of course, of course. But one can imagine Peter licking the platter clean, as they say the Spratts do, and you—ah, never!"

"Really, can't you?" she queried breathlessly. "Ah, Boy Blue, that is so dear of you. If I ever thought I should get like her and be content to eat the rest of Peter's pumpkins I think, I think I should die."

She went on and told him the whole story then, and he assured her convincingly that she could never, never be like Mrs. Spratt if she ate fat all the rest of her days. But Peter—he leaned back when he came to that, and thought it over, looking very handsome with his white flannels and curly hair. Peter, he had to admit, was a bit like Spratt; of the same general mold, as it were, and running on the same plan. She accepted his estimate in silence; so she really was in a bad way; a bride of a year does not let another man criticize her husband unless she feels rather desperate.

Of course, people soon began to talk; as I said, it was a suburb. Peter did not hear the talk for a long time, for he was very busy in the city. Even when he did hear it, he did not listen for some time. When he finally did listen, he did it in his usual businesslike way. He took the matter coolly and calmly, quite as a business proposition; he looked it over carefully, he analyzed it, he found its weak points and its strong points and then he came to the conclusion that he would do well to study his wife. Since she was the main

factor in the affair, it was best to ascertain what he was to expect from her under varying circumstances. Now in the city Peter had, beside the name of Pumpkin Eater, the reputation of being a good judge of his fellow men, which gift, however, did not, as it rarely does, include fellow women. After two weeks of careful observation of Mrs. Peter he decided that as far as any mortal man could, he had her character in a pumpkin shell. He used this expression because it was more natural for him, and also because the shell of the pumpkin would allow more room for sudden change than would the conventional nut shell. Finally, he concluded that he had not the faintest idea what she was likely to do, but that the expedient procedure would be to try something and find out.

His chance came when he returned one night to find Mrs. Peter gone to the annual ball of the suburb with Blue. He had intended to take her, but a man had dropped in at his office about closing time and in his talk Peter forgot all about the ball until it was too late. He 'phoned Mrs. Peter, feeling sure that she would not blame him when he told her that the man had been selling him a new variety of pumpkin seed of mushroom variety, warranted to grow in any crack or crevice of damp cellars. Their cellar was peculiarly adapted to such seeds.

To his surprise she slammed the receiver up in the midst of the explanations and try as he would he could not get connected with her again. He perspired freely at the attempt and spoke harshly to the "Central," but it was to no effect.

Mrs. Peter had, in fact, immediately sent word to Blue that he might escort her, and then had puffed her hair out in a loose, unmatronly manner which she had discarded since her marriage. She threw a silky floating scarf about her shoulders and, as she and Blue started out, looked up into his face coyly.

She did not have a good time at the ball. She knew that everyone would talk, and she told herself she was glad; she was an abused wife, she didn't love her husband, and she wanted people to talk. Perhaps after a while Peter would find out and divorce her; when she reached this point she wept a little and then coquetted wildly to conceal the fact. On the way home in the carriage she let Blue hold her hand.

She was desperately, unbearably unhappy and she didn't care.

Peter was in the library when she came in, and he took her coat for her, dropping it in his fumbling way.

"Did you have a nice time?" he asked, looking at her with the eyes of a friendly Newfoundland.

"Oh, yes—passable." She sank back on the couch and closed her eyes wearily. "You'd better go to bed. I'm going to read for a time."

Peter stood looking at her, a slightly embarrassed expression on his round face.

"Er—well," he responded. "Would you mind talking a bit? You see, I haven't seen much of you lately, but it occurred to me you were looking sort of fagged. Eh? Now I want you to enjoy yourself, sport yourself a little. You want variety, variety, that's it."

He rubbed his hands together and beamed. One of his feet slipped on the rug and he staggered, but he recovered himself and continued with complacency:

"I see you like that young fellow Blue, you're quite fond of him. Eh? Well? I don't blame you, not a bit. He's a likely young chap, nice to talk to, isn't he? I know the kind, I know girls just like him, nice girls they are, too, and pretty and bright. Fact is, my stenographer—well, well! Now, the thing is, why don't you two go into New York to-morrow or sometime soon, and have a real spree? I'll furnish the cash, and I guess he can furnish the fun. He can show you the Lobster Palaces better'n I can, I bet. I'd take you, only—well, I guess we all need change once in a while. Clara—I mean my stenographer and I have been kind of planning to run down to Coney, Saturday, to celebrate getting the last deal through. Now you wouldn't care much about going there, but you could have a fine time with young Blue."

He beamed at her radiantly, then he went out into the kitchen and Mrs. Peter heard him getting his pumpkin out of the cupboard. Somehow, though, she didn't mind. Pumpkin, all at once, did not seem particularly objectionable.

The next morning Mrs. Peter appeared at breakfast in a fresh, white frock with a rose in her hair. She was very animated and amusing; she told several clever stories

and rippled delightfully with amusement at Peter's rather labored jokes.

When Peter rose to go she walked with him to the porch and, holding to the lapels of his coat, lifted up her face for a kiss. Then she looked at him in a sweet, little, shy way that she had had before

they were married and spoke in a small, subdued voice:

"Oh—Peter," she said. "Oh—Peter, I think maybe I would like to go to Coney with you Saturday, if you don't mind."

LAURA DRAPER, 1912.

"IT WAS A SUNDAY IN THE SPRING."

It was a Sunday in the spring,
And I had wandered far,
From where the holy folk were met
To where the fairies are.

The wind was like the pipes o' Pan,
I danced beneath the trees,
I thought of all the holy folk
At prayer, upon their knees.

I came upon a maple tree
And it was blossomed red,
I thought me of the chalice wine
And of the holy bread.

I tore the flowers from out my hair,
I flung them from me wide,
I turned me back into the town
From out the country side.

The holy folk were in the street,
A goodly sight to see;
I signed the cross and felt my heart
Sing Benedicite.



SLIP SHEETS.

IN WHAT SENSE IS ART AN IMITATION OF NATURE?

MR. SANTAYANA tells us that all life is "a quest for the illimitable beauty." It is true that every beautiful object or scene does suggest an ideal to us and indefinable longing in our own minds for a higher and more lasting something—and we turn away vaguely, restlessly, unsatisfied. We feel, perhaps, that there is behind each outward symbol some great, unchanging law—some faintly shadowed "divine idea." We seek to grasp this ideal, but it mockingly eludes us; we long to give utterance to our half-formed thought, but we find ourselves strangely baffled.

Only to few among us is it given to express, be it ever so imperfectly, the great underlying ideas of nature. These men we call artists—not, perhaps, because their minds are more keenly sensitive, but because they are possessed of that intangible gift of self-expression and subjective interpretation. They imitate nature only in so far as it is necessary to give the interpretation they desire. Plato tells us that an artist is an imitator in the third degree,—he only "holds a mirror up to nature;" his function is the reproduction of transitory things so that they may not be utterly forgotten. This is true to a certain extent. When the young artist studies drawing he learns first to imitate; he sketches from life and from still life; if he draws a stunted, fantastically-shaped oak tree, his object is to reproduce the tree as he sees it. But later, at a certain point, his imitation must cease, and interpretation begin. He must "draw the thing as he sees it"—subjective interpretation, to be sure, but it is only valuable to us in its subjectiveness. If there is nothing significant for him in the sight of the tree, if it does not waken some thought, release some idea, or embody some principle, the true artist will no longer wish to draw it. Mere likeness, in itself alone, has no value for him. If he were still struggling with technicalities, a wax effigy of extraordinary lifelikeness would be a noteworthy production; when he has risen beyond this stage, he casts

aside such work, as only a means to an end,—as the musician uses his scale practice to perfect him in the interpretation of some great masterpiece.

It is the artist—and the artist alone—who can aid mankind in its unwearying search for the beautiful. The power is given him, and he must use it, whether he will or not. His interpretation may, or may not satisfy each individual mind—yet it gives a new insight, a broader and finer outlook upon nature. The artist must imitate nature—but he must go beyond mere imitation. He must come close enough to nature to teach us

"to worship

The deathless beauty of her guiding vision,
And learn to love, in all things mortal, only
What is eternal."

CAROL SCUDDER WILLIAMS, 1912.

"ART IS MAN ADDED TO NATURE."

SUMMER visitors who find æsthetic satisfaction in the great brown rocks, the glory of blue sky and bluer water, and the grave thunder of the waves, often comment upon the dull blindness of the natives. I have noticed this and the observations of many summer sojourners confirm my opinion that many native dwellers by the sea very seldom look out of their windows to watch the sunset-glow on the water or to see the moon rise, or show, by action or speech, appreciation of the beauty that gives true joy to others. "Ain't she a fool though," said the fisherwoman of the tourist in oilskins perched on a rock to watch the exceptionally glorious surf, "'tis only a little water dashing a few feet higher."

Clouds, rocks and ocean are not beautiful to the mentally and spiritually blind. The beautiful is not beautiful until apprehended by the intellect and interpreted by the spirit. For the human spirit is the medium through which the beauty of nature is revealed and thus becomes art. All art is expression; works of art, whether a noble cathedral, a statue of a woman, or a painting of a mountain glen, are

part of that great symbolic scheme that renders visible the invisible things of God to the seeing eye and eager heart of the man to whom is* "vouchsafed a special apprehension of beauty" and to whom we give the name of artist. To express the aspirations of individuals, the noble interests of nations, the deepest cravings of humanity, but above all and beyond all to reveal the Infinite—this is the mission of art. To the artist,† "the universe," using Carlyle's phrasing, "is but one vast symbol of God" and "nature is the living visible garment of God." The intellect and spirit of man must be called into play in order to reach this position and to apprehend this deep truth. Therefore Bacon can assert, "Art is man added to Nature."

REA SCHIMPELER, 1912.

ON A CLUMP OF LILACS.

EVERY spring, that time when every little plant soul is waking from its long, long winter's sleep, I go to visit my lilacs. The tiny blossoms are all out, nodding and smiling to the spring winds before I venture near them; to touch them, to see the pale pink color just starting to life, to bend their quivering petals before they realize the glory which is theirs, would be gazing rudely into a defenceless soul.

I love my lilacs. In a great clump at the foot of the garden they stand, shyly clustered in contrast to the twinkling marigolds, the bold poppies, and the peonies, flaunting their flaming cheeks to every passer-by; even as Cinderella might have appeared at the ball in a shimmering gown of misty lavender, endeavoring desperately to hide her real self from the rouged and mocking beauties around her.

Who cannot remember blissful hours spent swinging in a hammock under great old trees, through whose branches you caught silvery, far-away glimpses as you swung back and forth, of other worlds? Or when, on mellow midsummer evenings, you lay on the grass, hands interlocked beneath your head, wide-open eyes staring up into the black vault, studded with the lamps of the night? You have felt a gen-

tle wind, laden with gathered scents, come creeping from some fragrant valley, and the breath of the lilacs stole over you.

You believed in fairies that night. You raised your head as the cool wind blew on by, and you gazed intently at a moonlit spot on a little hillock. The fairy souls of the garden's flowers were dancing there; airy sprites, whose diaphanous garments of cobweb weave were gleaming with jewels of dew, tripped to mystic measures; the bells of the little bellflower jingled and shook in a merry delirium of moonlight revelry. And as they danced so blithely, like a mist, there rose the exquisite fragrance of the radiant flowers whose souls they were. The soft south wind, swooping as its errant fancy willed, from high tree-tops to the drooping petals of a lovely flower, swept up that mist of magic—the most wonderful magic in the world—and carried it gently on to you. Then a grim, grey shadow crept over the face of the moon—and all the fairy souls vanished, as at the warning of a magic bell.

Early one cool morning, cool as the touch of steel to the fingers, I awoke, and bethought me of my lilacs. I closed my eyes and saw them; how they must look to the cheerful morning sun, their little cups drenched with dew, sparkling with the glint of the sun upon them. I went out to them. Blithely happy, they welcomed me with many a beckoning nod, their tiny violet petals hanging in great odorous clusters. I buried my face in them. The thought of their courageous lives, lived day in and day out, with only the sun and wind and dew for companions, is more than inspiration. Cruelly tossed by the stormy wind from the North one day, beaten, perhaps, by the merciless pelting rain, yet the next morning the restoring influence of the dew and quiet night has done its work; the lilacs lift their faces to the fleeting caress of the wind as jauntily as ever.

I picked a single flower, and looked deep into its cup, still wet with dew, for a tiny fairy. As I held it to the sun, a ray of light glanced from the dew, and a shooting pain ran through my eyes, as if in warning.

"Fairies may not be had by looking or by sunlight!" a voice seemed to whisper. Fairies are like a flash of inspiration; they

*Noyes—Carleton, "The Enjoyment of Art." "The artist is he to whom is vouchsafed a special apprehension of beauty."

†Carlyle, Thomas, "Sartor Resartus."

are not to be sought for. The lilac fairies come at unexpected, undreamed-of moments; moments when mind and soul are at one with each other. The soul is lost in a vision of things unknown to the merely practical; it finds the ecstasy of childhood in the glory of the treasured bits of a small boy's pocket, in the hum of a yellow-coated bumblebee on a sultry afternoon, in the sunlight gleaming through the living green of a breaking wave. Then—then—come the fairies. Dimly through the air there sounds the distant melody of fairy music, like the high, faint overtones of a mellowed violin; ethereal figures, smaller than the finest needle, take bewitching shapes, and trip to those mystic measures with dainty step—and the soul is in possession of an exquisite memory. . . .

And my lilacs—they rest me. Coming home from a weary day of toil, my first steps are turned to my happy corner in the garden. I lay my hot cheek against the cool, soft clusters, and I forget the burning sun which set things to whirling before my eyes. I can think of nothing but the coolness against my cheek, the lazy twitter of nearby robins, the rose-gold gleam in the western sky. Everything becomes motionless and still, save for the tender, indescribable nestling sound of leaves and feathers. Everyone in the world has a place where he can forget himself; and I—I find contentment in my garden. God love those who have never known lilacs in a garden!

BERENICE E. VAN SLYKE, 1913.

LOADING A "FREIGHTER."



THE vastness of the undertaking of loading a modern "freighter" of the Great Lakes is but slightly comprehended until one stands on the pilot-house and looks down upon the operation in full swing. When one has watched the coal pour down for several hours, and sees but slight increase in the pile in the great open vat below, he begins to realize the enormousness of it all.

A great freighter, hundreds of feet long, lies tied at a dock on which is constructed a high, complicated apparatus. Each of the interminable number of hatchways lies open the entire length of the boat, exposing a deep, wide and dark cavern of emptiness. The more one gazes into this

vault the more appalling seem the dimensions. On the construction on the dock lies a long train of cars, loaded with coal. Each car in turn is started by an engine down an incline, where it is met by a little propelling power, which is known as the "ground pig." This little piece of machinery is most interesting. Watching it, it seems almost human, for, without any apparent human direction, it rushes out of its little hole under the track, seizes the delinquent car, and guides it, at the correct moment, on to a platform surrounded by machinery. Then it hastily retreats to its cave and awaits the next car, as any animal might lie in wait for its prey.

But the first car, deserted by the little "ground pig," is clutched bodily by great chains, and the platform and car together are raised slowly into the air and turned completely upside down, pouring the contents into a great shute leading towards a hatchway of the freighter. There is a thunderous noise which increases in volume as the car is turned further over. The coal leaps from the car, which hesitates just long enough to let the last lump fall, and then the platform swings back into place and the car rolls off, just as the active little "pig" brings the next car to replace it. The coal, liberated from its car, pounds, skips, leaps down the shute, bounding over the end amidst an uproarious din, to the great vault below. Here it strikes the coal which has preceded it. Some lumps break into many bits, and some bound on, rushing down the slopes of the pile in a hurry-scurry fashion, each seeming to aim for the most remote corner.

The contents of car after car are treated in this fashion until the pile down below takes on rather large dimensions. Then a whistle is blown; operations cease for a moment while the whole freighter is moved, by tightening ropes, up the dock several notches. The filling of a new hatchway is begun. The hatchways are not filled in regular order, as this would make the boat bow or stern-heavy. As each hatchway is filled, it is covered.

All day long this work continues, steadily, systematically, amid crashing of chains, clacking of levers, blowing of whistles, and a swirl of coal dust. It is fascinating to watch how not a moment is wasted, how

each piece of machinery has its purpose, and how apparently it does its work individually without human direction. All day long and clear into the night, train load upon train load is hurled into the limitless vault.

At length the last whistle is blown, the last hatchway is closed. The freighter is loaded. A great peaceful silence hangs over the dock, disturbed only by the occasional shouts of men or the ringing of a bell. The roaring of the engines has stopped for the first time since they started their task. Almost instantly a puffy,

chugging little tug seizes the great bow and guides the freighter down the dirty little river out into the big lake and darkness.

The sun will rise next morning on this freighter, plodding its great bulk through the waters of the inland sea. The decks are clean and fresh, each piece of brass on the cabins catches the sun's rays and throws them back over the glistening waters. Even in the bright morning sun no traces are left of any kind to show that the previous day hundreds of tons of coal were being hurled into its great length.

MURIEL ARTHUR, 1915.





ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

AT AHMEDNAGAR.

The Home of Wellesley's Missionary.

The long Indian train moved slowly through the drowsy night, its European occupants denied the refuge of sleep by the native passengers who, at every station, filled the windows with heads unkempt or shaven, turbaned or fezzed, but all alike expressive of a cheerful crescendo of unrestrained and uninterrupted noise.

It had been a spectacular sunset, showing the water buffaloes in awkward silhouette against a flaming sky which, paling swiftly to amber and faint rose, darkened into night with the swift transition of the East.

And now, on this twenty-fourth of December, nineteen hundred and ten, the writer sat curled in her corner, an old-time nursery rhyme in possession of her weary mind:

" 'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

But at this untimely juncture the third class awoke to full cry; the guard grudgingly admitted that it was Ahmednagar, and the flash of a lantern and a warm hand-clasp assured us of our welcome.

It was late when our belongings were stowed in the mission bungalow, but our fellow Christians were still abroad singing their carols in honor of the day. A group of them came to serenade us, their dark faces shining with enthusiasm, as grouped about our doorstep, they raised their voices in a curious but spirited chant, whose only intelligible feature was that rhythm which is the common heritage of all the early races of the earth.

Morning showed us a smiling day, which poured its bountiful sunshine upon the open

arches of the mission church, where are blended the most precious symbols of East and West; for here the Mohammedan finds the familiar dome which stands to him for the oneness of God, and the Hindu recognizes in the lotus flower, shining sunshot upon him from the single stained-glass window, that sanctity of which it is the visible and tangible sign. A native preacher poured out his soul to his people on that high day, and we followed some of his poorest parishioners to their homes, mere mud-built huts, their only furniture the few brass or earthen cooking utensils piled together in a corner; yet with these great things were about to be accomplished, for already an improvised table was bravely decked with nosegays, and we only tore ourselves from the impending feast, after being profusely garlanded.

Very simple people these, who accepted the "tidings of great joy" with most literal happiness, and since the older religions of the land provide their devotees with amusement which too often ends in license, the newer faith offered a festival of innocent pleasure to its converts at this, the season of its birthday.

Two neighboring fields provided the scene of action, divided only by a hot and dusty road, which, none the less, served to preserve the proprieties, since on one side were gathered a company of dark-skinned men and boys, while on the other a gaily-clothed group of Indian maids and matrons presented a bewildering study in nose rings, bracelets and similar features of feminine adornment.

There were songs and story telling, music and a merry-go-round, and as the gayety progressed, one came everywhere upon unconscious pictures that live most vividly in memory.

Sometimes they showed us the gentle visage of that poet, once a Hindu "holy man," who to-day, seated on the ground in the midst of an eager cluster of small boys, sways to and fro in the fervor of the patriotic song which he has written for them.

Sometimes it is a game strangely reminiscent of those which we have known in younger lands, as when a group of youths, arching a painted mast, wind its bright tapes into a hard, square rope. Clearly this is the ancestor of our gentler May-pole dance, which ushers in a furtive spring, while here its hardier prototype can but celebrate eternal summer.

Sometimes it is the splendid rainbow of the women's garments as, tempted by an exploit of their neighbors, they form a brilliant frieze along the course of their intangible barrier, and, last of all, it is the vision of proud and happy faces turning homeward after their great adventure.

Such was the outward setting, at least, of the Christmas season of Dr. Hume and Dr. Eleanor Stephens, the Wellesley missionaries at Ahmednagar, and one need hardly touch here upon its more intimate features, its potent support of weakness and pain, its generous forgetfulness of self in the service of One who came not to be ministered unto but to minister.

But evening brought at last that leisure hour for us all, when, sitting in the softly-lighted dining-room, we could talk; and it was not their work, not even the events of that full day of which we spoke, but of home—the far-distant home so deeply loved and so worthily represented in this friendly bungalow under the southern stars.

MARY Y. S. HEATHFIELD.

WELLESLEY WOMEN IN THE MISSION FIELD.

An historian of Wellesley, writing of its missionary interest, would be likely to say that we could distinguish three periods corresponding in general to the three decades of its existence. The first period, that of the eighties, was one in which there were many students in college of missionary lineage, many of them special students of one or two years' standing, who were definitely preparing themselves for service in the foreign field. These are now Wellesley's veterans, scattered over

the world, and sending back their daughters to be students in the present-day Wellesley world. The second period, of the nineties, was the period of the beginning of the Student Volunteer Movement, but the new organization did not make a universal appeal; other interests, especially social service in our own country, were getting strong emphasis and, as a result, fewer students of this period are to be found in foreign lands. The last decade since 1900 is distinguished for increasing prominence of missionary interest, due in part, at least, to the influence of great student missionary conventions. There are, therefore, numerous young alumnae of the last ten years who have begun, or are on their way to begin important and interesting work in foreign lands.

From the very early days the college students have supported one of these missionaries. The first college missionary was a graduate in the first class, 1879, Miss Gertrude Chandler. She was at work in Bombay, and for many years the students looked to her as their representative, the newly-formed Christian Association adopting her and maintaining the same relations. On Miss Chandler's marriage to Mr. Wyckoff, in 1892, Dr. Julia Bissell of Ahmednagar was adopted, and thus began our present medical work. Dr. Bissell gave five years of splendid service as the only missionary doctor in a crowded region, carrying on a visiting practice and managing a growing dispensary while laying plans for a hospital, whose site she purchased, but whose walls she never saw rise. An entire breakdown in health brought her back to this country, and it was left to her successor, Dr. Ruth Hume, 1897, Wellesley's present missionary, to build the hospital and nurses' home, add to the equipment, gather assistant and nurses about her, and establish still more strongly in the community the work so well begun.

The Wellesley work in North China is a project still in its initial stages. The outlook for the future, however, indicates that we may one day point to the Young Women's Christian Association in North China as the Wellesley Mission, in the same proud way that Princeton men look upon the Young Men's Christian Association of Peking as their own.

Miss Frances Taft, 1909, is already on the field, just beginning the second half-

year of her language study. Two hundred dollars for the support of this work comes from the undergraduates; the remaining twelve hundred dollars from the alumnæ. No one as yet can estimate the possibilities bound up in this most distinctive Wellesley work.

But in the other alumnæ, working through other channels, we desire also to maintain our interest, and this is the method, not, perhaps, familiar to all, by which we keep the record: In the Christian Association office is a list of missionaries, and to each missionary on the list is assigned a large white card, on which is recorded her name, college dates, address, and such facts concerning her work as are gleaned from time to time.

In connection with this record system a large map of the world hangs in the Christian Association office, with tiny flags of Wellesley blue attached in proper places, each indicating the location of one Wellesley alumna on the foreign field.

The students in Mission Study classes make themselves responsible for writing to these alumnæ, so that each one receives a letter containing the latest items of college interest each year.

The greater part of the energy of the Correspondence Committee of the Christian Association is devoted to this missionary correspondence.

It is a pity that we have not also a record of those established in such work in our own country, but such a record is obviously more difficult to keep, and has not been attempted. Naturally they are more numerous, their callings more various, they do not go out under the auspices of a few well-organized societies which keep close watch of their work, and they change place and work more readily, hence they are less easily traceable; but let none of them think, if their eyes fall by chance on this, that Wellesley has any less appreciation of the needs here than elsewhere, or rejoices less in the good they are doing.

A journey around the world in search of former Wellesley students who are engaged in distinctly missionary work, would take us into every continent, into almost every country.

If we should go across the line of our United States to the south, we should find in Mexico, in the town of Pueblo, one Wellesley woman, Miss Carrie M. Purdy,

a special student in 1884-5 and again in 1886-7. Miss Purdy has been, since 1896, a missionary here under the Methodist Board.

South America is often called "the neglected continent." In its great length and breadth we know of but two workers whom we can claim as Wellesley women. In Parana, Brazil, working under the Presbyterian mission, is Miss Mary Dascumb, who, in the very early days of the college, from 1877 to 1880, was one of our instructors, a teacher in English. In Lencoes, in Brazil, is Laura Chamberlain, a special student in 1892-3, now the wife of Rev. William A. Waddell.

Across the ocean, in Spain, we should visit with great interest the International Institute, for the ties that connect us with this college have always been close. Gifts from our student body every year go to their work, and members of our Faculty and Trustees serve here as trustees of their college also. Miss Bushee, who is teaching Spanish in Wellesley, comes to us this year from a long term of service there, and Senorita Marcial, who has just left us to teach her language in a school in Cuba, is herself a graduate of the college in Spain. We should find in Madrid the International Institute, founded by Mrs. Gulick, now presided over by Miss Susan Huntington, 1900, who has recently come here from a long experience of teaching in the schools of Porto Rico. This institute is now no longer under the auspices of a missionary board, but as an independent organization, drawing its support from many friends in this country, it is doing a great work for the higher education of Spanish girls. In Barcelona is found now the mission school, another successor of Mrs. Gulick's school, doing a like work for the education of girls. Here is another Wellesley woman as Directora, Anna F. Webb, '82, who has had now about twenty years of service in educational work in Spain.

No less familiar and closely united to us is another college for women in the East, the American College for Girls in Constantinople. Several of the members of our Faculty know already, from experience, the charming atmosphere of this school and its delightful hospitality. It is housed now in old buildings, not adequate for its needs, in the midst of a beautiful garden on a height in Scutari, command-

ing a wide view of Constantinople and its waters. But it will not stay here long. The corner-stone of Gould Hall is already laid, the first of a group of buildings for which it has long planned, a few miles up the Bosphorus, on a wonderful site, commanding a view similar to that of Robert College, not far away. In this college we should find Miss Hathaway, 1897, and Miss Burns, whom we have given them from our Faculty, and Louise Jennison, 1908. Beside these gifts we have in other years made them loans from our Faculty, Miss Robinson from the Department of Zoology, Miss Vivian, who, for two years, was their acting president, and more than once one of our professors, on a Sabbatical year, has lingered there and given a course of lectures. In all the influence, then, that this school has in Turkey in these days of the awakening of Mohammedan women, Wellesley must rejoice and feel that she has a part.

Elsewhere in Turkey, also, she has a part. There is another beautifully situated college in Beirut, on the shores of the Mediterranean, the Syrian Protestant College which, along with Robert College in Constantinople, is doing a work which it is impossible to measure for young Turkey. In the Faculty circle of this college we should find two of our former students, Alice Crawford, who was here in the first days of the college, 1877-78, and Mary Jessup, a student of 1891-2. Mary Jessup Day, the wife of one of the professors, lives in a beautiful home, full of roses and children, lovely in the Syrian sunshine. Alice Crawford West was the wife, also, of a professor, and since the death of her husband remains as matron of one of the college houses. There are other wives and mothers also not far away. In Beirut is Mrs. Jennie Hill March; in Constantinople is Mrs. Herbert Allen, who was Ellen Ladd, a student with us in 1885-7, and in Casarea is Mrs. Carrie Farnsworth Fowle, 1877-8, whose daughter is now in Wellesley.

Exchange of missionaries, like exchange of professors, is a new thing and a hopeful sign of the times. Dr. Louise Grieve was a Wellesley student in 1883-4, and afterward took her medical degree in New York. For many years she labored in the Marathi mission in India, and then came home for her health's sake. Now she has been

"loaned for a term of service," by the Congregationalists to the Presbyterians, and if we should go a little out from Beirut to the Mt. Lebanon Sanatoria, among the hills, there we should find her.

These that I have mentioned live, all of them, in the Sultan's dominions, but near the sea, and therefore in touch with Europe. Much further inland we should have to go to follow the foot-steps of Helen Curtis, 1908, who, only last year, was here with us and is now so far away. She is settling down in her new home in Marsovan, in Central Turkey, not far from the Black Sea, devoting herself to the language, but beginning already her work of teaching in a girls' school.

Still further into the interior must we go to find our two Wellesley representatives in Persia. In Tabriz, right in the midst of the present disturbances and Russian outrages, live Rev. Samuel G. Wilson and his wife, who was Annie Rhea, student at Wellesley in 1881-2. In a girls' school in Teheran, also under the Presbyterian mission, is Anna Stocking, 1902.

Africa does not hold many Wellesley missionaries, but the two who have gone there have gone in recent years, and perhaps we are only beginning to hear the appeal of the Dark Continent. In Egypt, half-way to the First Cataract, is the large city of Assint, capital of its province. Two great mission schools here, clean and white in the midst of blooming gardens, come close up against the miserable native Egyptian hovels. One needs to visit both successively to realize what the contact means. In the boys' school in Assint we might find Miss Ida Whiteside, who went there two years ago from our Department of Physics and Astronomy.

The other who has gone to Africa is far down on the west coast in Benguela, near the great Congo state, Mrs. Merlin Ennis, who was Elizabeth Logan, a graduate student of 1905-6. Her husband and she are laboring in very primitive conditions for very primitive people.

There is no Wellesley woman, however, who finds herself in quite so primitive conditions as Miss Margaret Waterman, 1881, who is one of the missionaries in the Philippines under Bishop Brent, whose work is among the naked head-hunting savages in the Island of Luzon.

But the largest number of our missionaries would be found in the three great countries, India, China and Japan.

Our visit in India would naturally begin with the Marathi Mission in Ahmednagar, where many of our Wellesley people are stationed. Here is our own mission, with Dr. Ruth Hume, 1897, and her assistant, Dr. Eleanor Stephenson, 1895, managing their hospital for women and children, and near them is Alice Harding Churchill, 1900, caring for her home and children, and helping her husband in his big industrial work, and Clara Bruce, 1905, who has begun her teaching, and is likely to distinguish herself for scholarly work in the Indian language, of which she has already gained an unusual mastery.

Not far from Ahmednagar is Bycalla, where we should find Elizabeth Hume Hunsberger, 1900, who, like her husband, is a graduate of Hartford Theological Seminary. The home of her cousin, Hannah Hume Lee, 1900, was in Satara, and to this place, or near it, she is planning now to go back with her little children to take up bravely alone the work from which death has called her husband.

On the east coast of India is the country of the Telugus, the scene of some of the most thrilling stories in missionary annals. Two missionary sisters came from that country to Wellesley, Nellora Clough of 1890, Ongola Clough, 1892. Since 1892 both of them have been working in the Baptist mission there. One of them is Mrs. Louis Martin and the other, Mrs. Arthur Curtis, and their sister-in-law in the same mission was, before her marriage, Dr. Emma Rauschenbusch, student in Wellesley, 1888-9.

In Southern India there are well-known Wellesley names: Gertrude Chandler, 1879, was the first college missionary. Now she is Mrs. Wyckoff and the mother of a present-day Wellesley girl. Mrs. John Chandler was Henrietta Rendall of 1886; Mrs. Cannaday of Guntur was Helen Chandler; Mrs. John N. Forman of Manipuri was Emily Foote, a student in 1884-6; Mary T. Noyes, 1887, has been, for nearly twenty years, a devoted teacher in the girls' school in Madura.

In the northern part of India, again in the Punjab, one comes upon a brave Wellesley woman, Dr. Jessie Carleton, in Wellesley, 1880-2. Professor Kendall met

her there in her India journeys, and can tell tales which show her ability and influence and her heroic labors in a lonely place.

Nearest here, but no nearer than many hundred miles, will Harriet Finch, 1911, be, now that she has arrived at her new post in the fine Isabella Thoburn College in Lucknow.

In the great neighboring country of Burmah and Siam I know of but one Wellesley representative, Mrs. William Harris, in the Laos country, who was Nellie McGilvary in Wellesley, 1886-7.

And north, in Assam, between India and Burmah, will be stationed Florence Doe, in the Baptist mission in Nowgong, Assam.

It will be seen that in India there are missionary generations and families, and that the Wellesley representatives belong, many of them, to the earliest students of the college. In China, on the other hand, our representatives are younger, most of them of the last decade of college students, and the field of their activity is wide.

There is in Chefu the first of Wellesley women to go to China, Annette Thompson Mills, student in 1883-4. After the death of her husband she gave herself wholly to a work which had come specially to enlist her sympathies, that for the deaf and dumb, and since 1900 she has carried on, independently of the board, her school for them. In the Yale Mission in Changshafu, Wellesley has a share. One of the founders and workers is Brownell Gage, who has with him a Wellesley wife and sister. Mrs. Gage was Helen Howe, student in 1895-6, herself a physician, and the sister, Nina Gage, 1905, is nurse in the Yale Mission. Florence Bell Lovell, 1901, of Siangtan, Hunan, is, like her husband, a graduate of Hartford Theological Seminary. Grace Brackett Lewis, 1890, is the wife of one of the leaders of the Young Men's Christian Association movement in China, and Frances Taft, 1909, still known to the present generation of college students, is herself a leader of the Young Women's Christian Association. Ann Torrence Standring, 1903, who sailed a bride for China in 1908, is left there alone, a young widow, with one little daughter, and is at the head of a training school for Bible women. Mrs. Ada Newell Kennedy, in Huchan, China, separated from the Board, is at the

head of an independent mission. There are several young married missionaries whose work, along with that of their husbands, has recently begun, and who will have a part in the homes which they are making, in shaping the ideals of new China. Such are: Caroline Read Bakeman, student in 1905-6, Edith Knowlton Deming, 1905, Lottie Hartwell Ufford, 1906, Gertrude Carter Gilman, 1896, Augusta List McKee, 1909. And there are a few unmarried missionary teachers: Marion Mitchell, 1894, who is a teacher of music in a school for heathen girls of high rank in Shanghai; Isabella Phelps, in Paotingfu, an evangelical worker, who is herself an ordained minister, and Jessie Hall, 1905, teacher in a girls' school in Tsing-kian-pu.

Crossing over to Japan, we find in Kobe another influential college for girls, with a Wellesley woman at its head, Susan Searle, of 1881. Several unmarried missionaries are doing strong educational and evangelistic work: Miss Cornelia Judson, student in Wellesley, 1885-7, established in Matsuyama since 1887; Alice Fyock, 1897, who has recently joined the Episcopal Mission in Sendai, and Ruth French, 1907, who is teaching in a school in Himiji. Gertrude Willcox, 1888, began her work under the Congregational Woman's Board in 1897, but has since become the wife of Rev. W. R. Weakley of the Methodist Mission. Among the older married missionaries are: Mrs. Parshley of the Baptist Mission, who was Helen Hovey, student in Wellesley, 1882-4, and Mrs. Peeke, of the Dutch Reformed Mission, who was Vesta Greer, student in 1886-7.

We have gone the rounds of the Eastern Asia countries, and in only one of them have we failed to find familiar Wellesley faces, that is Korea. But we do not forget that by this time next year we shall be represented there by our present Christian Association Secretary, Grace Kilborne, 1910.

As the years go on, this list of Wellesley missionaries will be continually increased; but we do not wish to forget any of them, and if those who read this know of interesting facts in the lives and work of those here named, or of others who have here failed to appear, their information will be gratefully received at the Christian Association desk.

These are the names of the living and

active workers. It is, perhaps, appropriate that we add here the names of those who have laid down their work in the days of their greatest usefulness, the early dead whose memories Wellesley will always hold in honor:

Henrietta Chandler, 1875-6. Died in Madura, India, 1879.

Mary Hawley Briggs, 1892. Died in Kobe, Japan, 1904.

Maud Hutchinson Babbitt, 1892. Died in Buenos Ayres, South America, 1899.

Mary Carleton, 1881-2. Died in Amballa, India, 1884.

Ruby Harding Fairbank, 1878-81. Died in Ahmednagar, India, 1906.

Alice Moulton, 1879-1883. Died in South Africa, 1885.

Bessie Noyes, 1882. Died in Madura, India, 1907.

ELIZA HALL KENDRICK, '85.

THE WELLESLEY COLLEGE LIBRARY.

Although almost two years have passed since the ideal for which so many Wellesley alumnae worked became a reality, many of them have not yet seen the new library, and to them the following description may be of interest.

The library stands between Music Hall and Longfellow Pond, to the south of the path from College Hall to the Houghton Chapel. It is a fire-proof building, designed by Shepley, Rutan & Coolidge, is renaissance in style, and built of Indiana limestone.

The ground plan is a letter T, the tail of the T being toward the south, with the entrance at the middle of the crossbar, which stretches east and west. The eastern end of the crossbar contains the five-story steel stack, which has an estimated capacity of ninety thousand volumes.

The entrance leads directly to the Delivery Room, in which are located the loan desk, card catalogue, and shelves for reserved books. At the left of the entrance, in one corner of the Delivery Room, is the staircase leading to the reading-rooms of the second floor, and down to the basement. On the east side of the Delivery Room is the entrance to the second floor of the stack; on the west, the Reading-Room for advanced students in English literature and English composition, and

the Catalogue Room and Librarian's Office; while at the south, opposite the entrance, is the main Reading-Room, forty-three by eighty-four feet in size.

On the second floor there are three reading-rooms assigned to the Departments of History, Economics and the Classics. The fourth room contains the Frances Pearsons Plimpton library of Italian literature.

In the basement are storage and unpacking rooms, a large coat room, a room for the library staff, a draughting room, and a reading room for the Faculty. Here also is located the Conference Room, twenty-two by forty feet in size, planned for the meeting of seminar classes. This room is panelled with dark English oak from St. Mary's Church in Warwick, the gift of our generous friend, Mr. George A. Plimpton, who, with Mrs. Plimpton, happened to be in Warwick when the old pews, built about 1700, were taken out. The pew doors may still be distinguished by the numbers on many of the panels.

Such, in outline, is the general arrangement of rooms. A study of the floor plans, which are printed in the President's report for 1910, will show how well the building is planned from an administrative point of view. Two years of service have proved it well adapted to our requirements. All the rooms are well lighted. The large reading-room seats one hundred and forty students, the five department rooms together, one hundred more, and this estimate gives each reader six square feet of table space. Measure this off on your library table and think what it means to have so much space for books and papers and you will see how different present conditions are from those of the old library, and how much better work is now possible.

The entire collection of books, except for the Plimpton library and a few other rare volumes, is still open to all students, and in the department reading-rooms are gathered close to the workers, the best editions and most necessary volumes, while the lesser used books are near at hand in the adjacent floor of the stack. The classical student, for example, finds together in the Classics Room, books on the Latin and Greek languages and literatures, history, antiquities, sculpture, architecture, inscriptions, etc., subjects widely separated by the classification.

The furniture throughout the library is of oak with a dull finish and is simple and dignified in its lines. The main Reading-Room is spacious and beautiful. Vedder's Cumaean Sibyl hangs above the fireplace. The faces of Wellesley's six presidents look down from the walls, an inspiration to her students.

The bronze doors presented by the Class of 1886 in memory of Professor Horsford rank with the best in this country, and the building is considered by all to be well suited to its beautiful surroundings. How much of it we owe to our fellow alumna, Caroline Frances Pierce, is evident if we compare with the finished building, the statement of our requirements, as presented in her fifth report as College librarian in 1908. Such a comparison, however, cannot reveal the time and the study which she gave to every detail, and the library will always be a memorial of her devotion to the College.

There could be no better testimony of the way in which the building fulfils its function than the fact that a half-hour after it was opened people were quietly at work as if it had been in use for years. One alumna, after an hour's study here this fall, said, "I congratulate you on the scholarly atmosphere of your library." In the old days we heard much about the "atmosphere" of the library, but remarks were not of the nature of congratulations and the "atmosphere" referred to was not "scholarly."

GRADUATE STUDY AT WELLESLEY.

It may be that some of those who have watched with interest the steady growth of Wellesley from year to year, are not equally aware that one factor of that growth is the constant increase in the number of graduate students. Up to the year 1909, twenty-five was the highest registration in this department; in 1909-10, it reached thirty-one, and for the last two years it has been thirty-eight and thirty-nine. The number of M. A. degrees conferred at the Commencements of 1908, '09 and '10 were seven, four and six, respectively, while in June, 1911, fourteen candidates received this degree, and it is expected that the number will be still larger in June, 1912.

While this number is small in proportion to the undergraduate total, nevertheless it represents a group of earnest workers large enough to have an appreciable influence upon the intellectual life of the college.

Since the ideal of Wellesley College is to offer all possible opportunities for a liberal college education, rather than for the highly specialized work which leads to a doctor's degree, the college does not feel justified in offering a large number of courses limited to graduate students only. Advanced courses in most departments are open to both Seniors and graduate students. The presence of graduates in the class is felt to give a stimulus to the work of the undergraduates, while the graduate student is expected to maintain a higher standard in her work both in quantity and quality.

In departments where the number of graduate students, or the nature of the work makes it possible, courses open to graduates only are offered. Besides this regular class work most graduate students are expected to do some special piece of independent investigation under the direction of an instructor and to present the results in a thesis or in reports.

The graduate work is distributed pretty generally among the various departments of the college. In the present year eighteen of the twenty-eight departments are giving graduate work, the largest numbers being registered in the Departments of English Literature and Language, Education and Philosophy and Psychology.

Twenty-eight of the graduate students in residence this year received the B. A. degree from Wellesley, thirteen of them in June, 1911. The other graduates represent nine colleges and universities from almost as many parts of the country. The colleges represented are Brown University, Western Reserve, University of Washington, Mount Holyoke (2), Goucher College, Smith College, University of Nebraska, Radcliffe College and Boston University.

A considerable number of graduate students hold appointments from the college as assistants in the departments in which they are working or in administrative work. Such appointments are eagerly sought for by those members of the graduating class who wish to go on with college work, for, by distributing her

work over two or more years and combining it with the work of assistant, a student is able to obtain her M. A. degree at small expense, while at the same time gaining valuable practical experience under direction.

This year, for the first time, award was made of a fellowship, the gift of the Wellesley College Alumnae Association. The holder is a graduate of the University of Nebraska, 1911, and is working for her M. A. degree in physics and astronomy, with the hope of completing the work in the one year. It is expected that next year there will be two Fellows in residence.

As a rule the graduate students live in the village. One house, conveniently located in the center of the village, is occupied wholly by them and goes by the name of Graduate House. There the graduate students meet each other socially. A well-organized and active Graduate Club also exists, mostly for social purposes. It holds an evening meeting each month and has informal teas weekly in the corridor end which was fitted up last year as its own particular sanctum.

The college publishes each spring a Graduate Circular which contains full information for those who wish to do graduate work at Wellesley, and which will be sent upon application to the Dean.

KATHARINE M. EDWARDS.

Chairman of the Committee on Graduate Instruction.

WHAT SOME ALUMNÆ ARE DOING.

The Organization of the Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations.

When the Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations opened its doors for business on October 2, 1911, less than ten months had passed since the first conference called to consider the possibility of organizing it. The story of the way it grew is convincing proof of the need which it must fill. It represents an experiment in co-operation between alumnae organizations inspired to collective action by a common need. They have combined forces to try out the idea that joint effort, systematized, tabulated and organized, will be more effective than individual path-finding in a maze of economic complexities.

An enterprise which deals with vital and fundamental conditions usually has a two-fold history, the story of its relation to a current of ideas larger than any individual or any locality, and the story of its crystallization, the way in which it has taken shape in place and time. Interest in the broader aspects of vocational questions is so widespread and so spontaneous, that the idea on which the Bureau is founded needs no description. Because of its relation to a broader movement, the development of the plans in New York may have more than local significance.

In May, 1910, the Smith College Club of New York appointed a committee to "consider ways and means of establishing a bureau of occupations." The immediate inspiration for this action came from the work of the Smith College Faculty Committee on Recommendations, which is aiming to make the employment bureau of the college not merely a teachers' agency, but a vocational bureau to fit the right person into the right place. This necessitates variety in the list of opportunities, and a college bureau is handicapped in two ways. It cannot have a force of field agents to hunt new openings in places far removed from the college town, and when good offers come to it, its list of applicants is usually made up of a majority of inexperienced graduates untried in work. Here seemed to be a chance for the alumnae to co-operate with the college in a work in which graduates and undergraduates have common interest. Thus a committee was appointed to "consider."

The committee considered. To manage an employment bureau efficiently is a highly specialized profession, demanding persistence, continuous effort, prompt action, careful watching and tagging of details, and constant study of the shifting conditions of that part of the world known as the labor market. For such a task, volunteer effort did not seem hopeful. But the alternative was a budget, providing for salaries, office rent, office supplies, and other business needs. The treasury of the Smith College Club was not overflowing.

On the other hand, New York offers a big field for women's work. Even casual conversations with those who know conditions, brought convictions that employers need some organized means of finding efficient workers, as urgently as

college girls need some organized means of finding employers, especially outside the walls of school buildings. In the Smith Club twenty different lines of work are represented, but the largest group of salaried workers are teachers. This seemed to mean two things,—the possibility of variety in the choice of occupation, and, at present, a marked tendency to crowd into one. This was precisely the problem for an employment bureau to handle, the problem of mal-distribution, if we may coin a word to fit the prime cause of mal-adjustment. From the beginning, the committee's ideal had been the development of an intercollegiate enterprise. The task of solving the problems of educated women in occupations is too big for one group from one college to handle alone. Joint effort would eliminate waste and increase efficiency. But as yet (by this time the date was October, 1910) the committee's faith was small. Its recommendation to the club was that five hundred dollars be raised to pay the salary and expenses of one person on half time for six months, to prove by experiment and investigation that a larger scheme was necessary. The club voted to accept the recommendation, and the committee was authorized to make an appeal for funds.

Before the last postage stamp was attached, the appointment of a Committee of Occupations in the New York Branch of the Vassar Alumnae Association made possible a joint meeting of these two committees, resulting in a decision to ask the New York alumnae organizations of the larger Eastern colleges for women to send representatives to an intercollegiate conference. It was found that the alumnae of eight Eastern colleges had New York organizations, either branches of general alumnae associations, or local clubs of alumnae. These eight all responded by sending delegates to a meeting on December 17, 1910. The official titles of the organizations represented were the Associate Alumnae of Barnard College, the Alumnae Association of Bryn Mawr College, the Cornell Women's Club of New York, the Mount Holyoke Alumnae Association of New York City, the Radcliff Club of New York, the Smith College Club of New York, the New York Branch of the Associate Alumnae of Vassar College, and the New York Wellesley Club.

More inspiring than the discovery of a plan which no one else has ever thought of, is the discovery of an idea which every one shares. The conference showed that the experience of many college graduates has convinced them of the importance of grappling with the present vocational problems of women. For a year a committee of Barnard alumnae had been maintaining an employment bureau managed by a volunteer staff. The Cornell Women's Club had appointed a Committee on Occupations without having heard of similar action in any other organization. Delegates from Bryn Mawr, Mount Holyoke, Wellesley and Radcliffe reported that their colleges handled employment work for graduates, but that the alumnae had as yet taken no action. The idea of combined effort was greeted with enthusiasm.

Less encouraging, however, was the discussion of finances. No one wanted to establish an agency which should be a mere registry of applicants in search of work and employers in search of workers. The enterprise must be an experiment station in women's vocations, where the experiences of many would be the means of rendering efficient service to the individual, and where practical contact with concrete individual needs would lead to fundamental constructive action. The first requisite for such work is accurate knowledge, which demands thorough investigation. To investigate the present conditions of women's work, to open up new opportunities, to give specific advice regarding equipment for different occupations, to establish close connections with the college appointment bureaus and to aid them in giving information to undergraduates, to see to it that no woman shall be deprived of a free choice of occupation either through lack of information or through ill-advised preparation, and to focus all these purposes in the immediate practical task of fitting the right worker into the right place, to do this and not to charge an exorbitant fee, is a large undertaking which demands a budget in addition to fees, at least during the experimental period.

Inadequate equipment is a serious handicap in an employment bureau. The chances of making ten calls from employers fit ten applications are slight. Misfits decrease only as applications and positions

increase. A very careful estimate of all expenses showed that a fund of \$5,000 must be provided to make the experiment worth while, \$3,000 for salaries, including manager, assistant and expert stenographer, \$500 for rent, \$200 for furniture and typewriter, \$500 for office supplies, printing, postage and telephone, \$100 for traveling expenses, \$25 for employment bureau license required by the laws of New York State, and \$675 for incidentals and reserve fund. The number of alumnae living in and near New York represented at the conference was approximately three thousand. Per capita assessments of less than \$2 would assure the fund. But the delegates pointed out demands now being made in each college organization, for endowment funds, students' buildings, library funds, fellowships, and a host of other familiar good things. The "sense of the meeting" was that to raise \$5,000 would be difficult, and "the meeting adjourned" to meet again in a month after consultation with their constituents.

But the idea was in the air, and when once the plan had been told, events moved rapidly. Within six weeks the Cornell Women's Club of one hundred and fifty members informally endorsed the plan and agreed to contribute \$400, a decision later ratified by formal vote. The Smith College Club in the approved style of financial magnates voted to contribute \$1,000, provided at least one other college would give an equal sum, the additional amount needed to be raised by a joint appeal. Vassar promptly made Smith's offer operative by pledging \$1,000. In February, Wellesley voted approval of the plan, and appointed a committee to raise funds. Bryn Mawr organized a New York branch of its Alumnae Association and voted to co-operate. At the January conference, a minimum basis of membership was determined, requiring from each organization a contribution of a sum equal to a dollar per member, and an agreement to join forces in raising the remainder from sources outside the Alumnae Associations. Barnard joined in March, and Radcliffe and Mt. Holyoke completed the ranks in May.

By that time the Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations was an accomplished fact, with \$4,500 pledged by the co-operating organizations, and \$500 to be raised by

outside appeal. A Board of Directors was appointed, "composed of two members from each co-operating organization, with an additional director for each additional one hundred members, no co-operating organization to be represented by more than four directors." On this basis Barnard, Smith and Vassar were each entitled to four representatives while two were appointed by each of the others, Bryn Mawr, Cornell, Mt. Holyoke, Radcliffe and Wellesley. A constitution was adopted, officers were elected, committees appointed, papers of incorporation duly signed, a license obtained, and the corporation was then ready for work.

More important than all these preparations was the choice of the manager. The Directors consider the Bureau most fortunate in having secured Miss Frances Cummings to be the chief executive officer. Miss Cummings graduated from Smith College in 1900. For the past seven years she has been head of the review division of the Tenement House Department of New York. Several years of residence at the Women's University Club have brought her into contact with college women in many different occupations. In full sympathy with the larger aim of the Bureau and admirably equipped as an organizer and executive, skilled in the use of that humble tool of large enterprises, the card record system, she has set herself to the task of making every detail of the daily work lead to immediate practical results as the one sure basis for the constructive programme ahead.

Room 1504, 38 West 32d street, is the office address, and Madison Square, 6616, the telephone number. The office is open from 9 to 5 and from 9 to 12.30 on Saturday and appointments may be made for evening hours. A membership fee of \$1 for one year, payable at registration, will be charged to all applicants. For permanent positions secured through the Bureau the fee will be three per cent. of the first year's salary, payable ten weeks after the engagement begins. For temporary work, lasting ten weeks or less, the charge will be six per cent. of the total salary received. The percentage is lower than the customary amount charged. Its size is an experiment. The life of the Bureau depends upon the possibility of self-support, and the fees should pay for placements. It may be

necessary to rely on the continued contributions of college graduates for the maintenance of the work of giving advice and making investigations. Although the New York alumnae have pledged support for one year only, without promising continued co-operation, it is hoped that they will give the Bureau a five years' trial. Probably as the work grows, the fund needed from the alumnae organizations will steadily decrease.

For the first year at least, teachers will not be registered, as the most pressing need seems to be to seek openings not so easily found. All other occupations offering desirable opportunities for women will be included in the Bureau's work. Graduation from college is not a requirement. All educated women, whether college graduates or not, will be eligible if they are specially equipped by experience or training for the work which they seek. To all who are without equipment, advice regarding the best method of securing it will be gladly given, but no applicant will be registered who is not qualified. The Bureau will aim not only to aid women who are beginning their careers, or planning to change their positions, but it will seek also to keep in touch with women of long experience in order to give them opportunities for wider usefulness.

To develop its resources will be one of the most important tasks of the first year. Its unique characteristic is that it is managed by organizations of women, who are at work in many different occupations. If these women will feel that the Bureau belongs to them, and will act as its agents in their own fields, wonderful results will be accomplished. The first task of the Investigation Committee has been to write to four hundred college women, living in and near New York, and at work in occupations other than teaching. They have been asked to give information in reply to a printed list of questions prepared by the Committee on Vocational Opportunities of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae and to suggest names of employers and possible applicants for the Bureau's mailing list. We are counting on these four hundred to be an active staff of vocational advisers.

To establish vital connections with the colleges, and to be useful to them is a fundamental object of the Bureau. We

are greatly encouraged in this effort by the membership of our Advisory Board, consisting of Dean Gildersleeve of Barnard, President Thomas of Bryn Mawr, Mrs. Martin, Adviser of Women of Cornell University, President Woolley of Mt. Holyoke, Dean Coes of Radcliffe, President Burton of Smith, President Taylor of Vassar and President Pendleton of Wellesley.

The General Alumnae Association of Smith College has recently voted to contribute to the Bureau a proportion of the Smith Club's quota for five years, thus signifying that the experiment is of more than local interest. A chain of bureaus, organized and directed by alumnae in all sections of the country, is the hope ahead. The Appointment Bureau of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston was the pioneer whose success smoothed the road for the New York Bureau. What city will be the third link in the chain?

We do not agree with Socrates that "The various ways of money-making, these do us good, but we regard them as disagreeable; and no one would choose them for their own sakes, but only for the sake of some reward or result which flows from them." Rather, we believe with Ellen Key, that a woman's work must be her backbone and not merely a stick to lean upon.

MARY VAN KLEEK.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"HEART AND CHART," by Margarita Spalding Gerry. Harper and Brothers, 1911. Price, \$1.20 net.

What might be a series of quite disconnected short stories gains here a continuous effect through being told in the first person—a "first person" whose lovable individuality is skilfully suggested from the first—and through the love story which hovers in the background until the final pages. This book of the life of a trained nurse is really a succession of glimpses into crucial moments in the experience of all sorts and conditions of men, the narrative of one "thrust into the thick of other people's living." You have the sensation of actual contact with emotional experience, so suggestively presented and interpreted as to leave you with a quickened appreciation of the splendid courage to be found in life, the deep joy to be won

underneath all the routine and sordidness and pain that threatens to obscure.

There is vivid, dramatic interest in some of these records; even the case of "arthritis sanatoria" has the elements of suspense and its moment of triumphant decision "on the brink of strange and solemn things." The character-studies are presented with admirable insight. Some of the situations, as the first "charity case," might afford opportunity for a well-known kind of conventional sentimentality, still more for an equally well-known variety of grim pessimism, instead of which we find the tonic note of faith and good cheer. The sense of humor and the matter-of-fact, sensible "shop-talk" of the trained nurse lend relief to and combine delightfully with the sensitive intuition and the wistful sympathy eager and quick to see the dominant realities behind the human groping. There is indeed "far more of heart than of chart" here.

MARION E. MARKLEY, 1909.

"IN CAMBRIDGE BACKS," by Mary Taylor Blauvelt. Sherman, French & Company, 1911. Price, \$1.20 net.

The title on the outside of this small volume suggests, perhaps, nothing of the unusual quality within, but the prefatory remark on the title page—"Being the vacation thoughts of a School-mistress" fastens the reader's attention at once. Is it the word school-mistress that does it; a lingering survival of the school-girl's intense curiosity to know what they talked about at "teachers' meetings?" This fore-word and the brief introductory chapter, "In Cambridge Backs," explain the origin of this book, written by an American teacher of history whose plans for a summer of research work in Cambridge, England, were interrupted by illness and consequent months of rest and convalescence amid the quiet beauty of an English university town. The result of the enforced leisure is this delightful collection of essays, "thoughts on life in general," written simply, directly, informally, dignified by a wide and tolerant outlook and a firm reverence, convincing in its personal tone of sincerity and frankness, stimulating through its vigorous individuality.

The range of subjects is a varied one, as the chapter headings show: "Friend-

ship," "The New School Mistress," "The Artist," "The Artistic Temperament," "On the Criticism of Others," "The First Great Commandment," "Immortality," "On the Writing of History," all are interesting; one or two perhaps showing more originality than the nature of some of the other themes permit—though one of the strong points of the volume is the fresh suggestiveness which the writer's intimate personal touch lends to time-honored subjects.

The discussion of "The New School Mistress" is a keen and suggestive setting-forth of the responsibilities and the opportunities of a teacher, as well as a spirited response to the charge that institutional life is narrowing, lacking in the varied human interests and sympathies that make life richly worth living—a charge based on the assumption, "Life consists in work and friends."

"On the Criticism of Others" presents a most interesting and original justification of this usually frowned-upon tendency of human nature. "I suppose that the idea that the criticism of others is wrong is founded upon the impression that others are necessarily hurt by the habit of criticism, perhaps also that we ourselves are hurt by it, since we are thereby made severe in our judgments, possibly even severe to the point of cruelty. . . . But is analysis of character equivalent to spiritual vivisection, which keeps the victim writhing in agony, and perhaps makes the scientific observer callous and cold? And does the person who sees faults understandingly fail to see virtues? I have had some acquaintance with a class of people who are most rigidly principled against criticising others. They are generally children of the Puritans; that is, they come of a race that believes more in self-control than in self-development, and that too often mistakes self-repression for self-control. Now I find that on the whole these people are more censorious, and they certainly are less interesting than are those who discuss others more freely, for they understand life less, and they themselves lack in fulness of life." True, the word "criticism," is qualified to mean wise and thoughtful criticism,—“It is only when we can think out the faults and deficiencies of a mutual acquaintance together, sympathize because we understand, and be-

cause we understand one human being better, understand life better, that such discussion can do good;” and we are reminded at the close that “in all our criticism we must, with Oliver Cromwell, ‘have the grace to believe that we may be mistaken.’”

It is an eminently readable and profitable book; singularly free from pedantic formality, absolutely unpretentious, it leaves a general impression of strength and individuality, and many definite impressions of illuminating and stimulating passages. "The Writing of History" begins: "When I crossed the ocean this summer, it was in the hope that I might find in English libraries material for an historical work which I have been contemplating for many years." It is to be hoped that the projected history may be written in some not-remote summer; meanwhile we cannot regret the delay, if it is to that alone that this wise and helpful volume owes its existence.

MARION E. MARKLEY, 1909.

Many alumnae have many opinions—no one doubts that—and all due thanks to the alumna who has given voice to hers. The editor is pleased that she can at last open that column—long since announced—to be known as the Outlet.

THE OUTLET.

At a fall meeting of one of the large Wellesley clubs, the writer heard the non-committee-serving, non-office-holding members present characterized as "the common herd," a designation which stirred in her a vague desire to write a brief of the wrongs of the "average girl." An occurrence a few days ago crystallized the thought into action—A recent graduate who, while in college had neither time nor opportunity for dramatics, but who has since had a little experience in amateur theatricals, received a printed notice from her Wellesley club, which said that trials for parts in a certain entertainment would be held at a given time and place, and which ended with the phrase, "Everybody please come." The girl responded, but found upon arrival that only a few others had been similarly moved, and that the committee was assigning the parts to those members on the club list who were known to possess dra-

matic talent. She herself had only two acquaintances in the room. No one asked her what she could do, what she wanted to do, or even why she came. The heads of the committee ignored her very presence. Consequently, although as an alumna and a full-fledged club member she was as much in her rightful place as anyone else there, the would-be aspirant to laurels felt ready to sink through the floor with embarrassment. And all because she belonged to the "common herd!" Have you noticed in both club and class meetings, how little attention is paid to the occasional speaker who is not well known, no matter how sound her remarks? It is true, of course, that authority adds weight to opinion, but must we always look for the label? Is such an attitude on the part of those who are supposedly leaders the result of thoughtlessness, or of an intellectual snobbishness which comes with the successful exercise of power? If the

latter, then prithee reflect on three things, my Wellesley friends. First, that there are such things as latent capabilities; it is possible, strange to say, for a girl to develop even after the advanced age at which she leaves college. Secondly, that continued snubbing, whether in college or out, does not encourage a healthy growth of public spirit in the "masses." And lastly, that she who does not sit in the seats of the mighty must still pay her dues, buy tickets for such plays as the before-mentioned and, generally speaking, in more senses than one, uphold the credit of her Alma Mater. What is more, all the committees put together cannot do it without her aid. If the cavalier treatment with which the "average girl" only too often meets, is due to thoughtlessness, then the more shame to us with our constant prating of high ideals of love and service! "By their fruits shall ye know them."

1916





BOOK REVIEWS.

"OF EDUCATION, AREOPAGITICA, THE COMMONWEALTH," by John Milton, with early biographies of Milton, Introduction and Notes. Edited by Laura E. Lockwood, Ph.D. Houghton Mifflin Company, 1911.

"This book has been prepared primarily for the use of my students of Milton," Dr. Lockwood writes in the introduction, "but it will, I trust, be helpful to all those who care to know more of a great poet and teacher of men." The book aims to bring the student in touch with Milton's noble and dignified prose through the choice of three pamphlets, selected, first, because they are all of vital, living interest to-day, and second, because, taken together, they "reveal different methods and different mental attitudes on the part of the writer." The occasion, the purpose, the historical background, and the consequence of each pamphlet are swiftly and lucidly outlined in the introduction. Further interpretation and explanation is furnished by careful, scholarly yet readable notes accompanying the text.

A valuable addition to the book is found in the reprint of four seventeenth-century accounts of the life of Milton, representing four contemporary points of view, and together presenting a first-hand impression of the life and personality of the great poet and pamphleteer. These reprints are of peculiar importance in that they open up valuable sources hitherto practically unobtainable by the average

student. Taken all in all, this volume, from the Riverside Press, is no mean addition to the mass of text-books available for study. Wellesley is proud to have her name on the fly-leaf.

"LETTERS THAT LIVE." Henry Holt & Company, New York, 1911.

For those who love to read letters—and who doesn't?—there is an excellent opportunity in a collection recently edited by Dr. Lockwood and Miss Kelly of the English Composition Department. The little volume, "Letters That Live," is not only a collection representing a long stretch of years and a wide range of interesting—and sometimes not sufficiently familiar—writers, but it makes clear to the reader the growth in the art of letter-writing from the middle of the sixteenth century to the present time. Perhaps as valuable as the body of the book itself is the introduction, for there the editors present an illuminating sketch of the whole history of letter-writing from the time when Darius of Persia sent messages to the Jews. So matter of fact has the practice of writing letters become that we never consider how many centuries of development have been necessary to make it what it is.

If anyone wishes to know what relation her gossipy home-letters bear to the letters of past centuries, let her avail herself of the first opportunity to read "Letters That Live."

NEWS OF THE WEEK

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1912.

BARNSWALLOW PLAY.

"Alabama," by Augustus Thomas, was given at the Barn, Saturday, January 21. As a play it was neither superior nor inferior to the average selection for the Barn, but it was well chosen to take the audience for awhile out of an atmosphere which is at present especially "academic" and snobbish. Florence Talpey welcomed us to a play which aimed only to "entertain and amuse"—"Alabama" did just that.

The plot of itself was rather slight and usual. Four sets of lovers are entangled through family relationships and a railroad scheme. Southern bitterness toward the North and a case of mistaken identity make further complications; there is a final settlement of lovers by couples, and a "live-happy-ever-after" ending.

The staging was effective, especially the new exterior, purchased from the fund appropriated last year for that purpose, and used for the first time. The curtain rose on Mrs. Page's garden, with walks and trees, picket fence, perspective of bayou and swamp-land. The second act is the morning following this May evening in 1880, and represents Colonel Preston's premises, showing colonial front, doorway, porch and steps, which are effectively used, table set under trees, etc. Act III and IV are slightly changed, Act III moonlight, and Act IV early dawn.

The "all-star" cast was as follows:

Colonel Preston, an old planter, Ruth Curtis '13
Colonel Moberly, a relic of the Confederacy,

Tilla McCartney '13

Squire Tucker, a Taladego County justice,

Marjorie Spoonman '12

Captain Davenport, a Northern railroad man,

Mary Hume '12

Mr. Armstrong, his agent, Nell Carpenter '12

Lathrop Page, a Southern boy, Virginia Wick '13

Raymond Page, a party of business,

Katharine Duffield '13

Decatur, anti-bellum servant, Hester Young '12

Mrs. Page, a widow who thinks twice

Harriet Blake '12

Mrs. Stockton, another widow, Lillian Martin '13

Carey Preston, an Alabama blossom,

Helen Hutchcraft '14

Atlanta Moberly, the colonel's daughter,

Dorothy Henderson '12

Mary Hume played a difficult role in a finished way. She was restrained and convincing, especially

in the scene with Raymond Page. She introduced a character which required careful work to secure the commonplace. Her comedy was well timed.

Katharine Duffield was a genuine villain, whose character was evident at first and never became excellent "make-up," saving your work well-maintained silliness and general misanthropy for

Tilla McCartney, in her effort for realism, rather overdid the mannerisms of the old-fashioned Southern gentleman. She burlesqued the type, but did not do so added humor and life at every entrance.

Hester Young was especially true to life in her walk and intonation.

Marjorie Spoonman gained realism through ease and naturalness. She was entirely absorbed in her role, and gave a true sense of personality well sustained throughout by action and ingenuit. By furnishing genuine humor, she redeems the numerous love scenes from the commonplace and relieves the occasional and almost tragic intensity.

Nell Carpenter, as Armstrong, is in strong contrast to all other men in the cast. From a brick row in Boston, where the houses are close "like front teeth," Armstrong is essentially keen and abrupt, brusque and businesslike. She was unusually good in the humorous after-luncheon scenes.

Ruth Curtis played a role which demanded finer shadings of interpretation, and which presented more difficulties than any other. She maintained admirably the keynote of bitter resentment towards the North, and was convincing in her rigid and tottering walk, quivering voice, etc. But in one or two scenes she did not sufficiently differentiate between passion and indignation, which tend towards and genuine rejuvenation. This could hardly be expected with so few rehearsals, however.

Virginia Wick presented a positive character with few lines to back it up. She was excellent in portraying a young Southern girl breeding with narrow provincialism and fastidious self-satisfaction. The love and pseudo-love scenes between young Lathrop and ingenuit Atlanta Moberly, played by Dorothy Henderson, were pleasant and fresh, clever in timing.

Dorothy Henderson and Helen Hutchcraft both achieved a charming coquetry, the latter as an "Alabama blossom" suit-voiced and stronger in "theories." She was easy and graceful in action, appealing in simplicity and ingenuit. She is naive in the love scenes, especially when she follows

Mrs. Page's advice to "cut bachelor's buttons," and when she queries, "Are there no girls in Boston?"

Harriet Blake was a graceful and dignified widow. Her action showed good poise, but there was a little too much formality and at times a lack of spontaneity in speeches. She was best in the scene where Colonel Moberly makes his "formal proposition of marriage." Lillian Martin, as a scheming widow of very different personality, added a clever touch of the comic.

Thanks to careful coaching, an "all-star" cast and good committee work, "Alabama" was given with only six rehearsals.

The committee was as follows: Edna Jennings, Chairman, Agnes Andrews, '12, Geraldine Howarth, '13, Elizabeth Slattery, '13, Mildred Waters, '14, Elisabeth Sherer, '14, Madeline Powell, '15, Evelyn McCarroll, '15.

Coach, Helen White, 1912.

ARTIST RECITAL.

The second of the Artist Recitals for the season of 1911-1912 was held in College Hall Chapel, Monday, January 22, at 7.30, P.M. Carmen Melis, soprano, assisted by Ramon Blanchart, baritone, and Cesan Clandestini, accompanist, were heard in Wellesley for the first time. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

1. Ritorna vincitor (Aida).....Verdi
2. Vorrei }
Norma Sorridi, }Tosti
- Mme. Melis.
3. Romance (Roi de Lahore).....Massenet
- Mr. Blanchart.
4. Barcarola.....Meyerbeer
- Mme. Melis.

PART II.

1. Vissi d'Arte (Tosca).....Puccini
2. Ouvre tes yeux bleus.....Massenet
- Obstination.....Fontenailles
- Mme. Melis.
3. Prologue (Pagliacci).....Leoncavallo
- Mr. Blanchart.
4. O Mari, O Mari, }
O Sole Mio, }Capua
- Mme. Melis.

The audience was superlatively enthusiastic, and ruthless in its demands for encores. Both Mme. Melis and Mr. Blanchart were extremely generous in responding to the applause, and Mme. Melis twice repeated selections which had won particular favor—"Obstination" and "O Sole Mio."

Throughout the programme Mme. Melis sang with great dramatic power and "abandon," but her audience particularly appreciated those selections which brought out the almost wistful sweetness of her high tones. The programme was admirably varied and perhaps more than usually successful in its appeal to a Wellesley audience.

DEBATING CLUB.

A regular meeting of the Debating Club was held January 8, at 7.30, P.M., in Tau Zeta Epsilon. The subject of the formal debate was: Resolved, that women in the United States should be given the franchise. Lydia Brown, Dorothea Havens and Marie Hess spoke for the affirmative; Nancy Brewster, Helen Nixon and Maxey Robeson for the negative.

The subject of the informal debate was: Resolved, that capital punishment should be abolished.

Miss Gamble and Miss Stevenson acted as judges and decided in favor of the affirmatives in the formal debates; acknowledging that the affirmative side had the advantage in the number of arguments to be found.

The judges decided in favor of the negative in the informal debate.

Refreshments were served and the meeting adjourned.

FELLOWSHIP OF THE BALTIMORE ASSOCIATION

For the Promotion of the University Education of Women.

The Baltimore Association for the Promotion of the University Education of Women offers a fellowship of \$500 for the year 1912-1913 available for study at an American or European University.

As a rule this fellowship is awarded to candidates who have done one or two years of graduate work, preference being given to women from Maryland and the South.

In exceptional instances the fellowship may be held two successive years by the same person.

Blank forms of application may be obtained from the President or from any member of the Committee on Award.

All applications must be in the hands of the Chairman of the Committee on Award before March 30th, 1912.

DR. MARY SHERWOOD, Chairman,
The Arundel, Baltimore.

ADDRESSES TO BE GIVEN BY MISS CONDE AND DR. HUME.

The address at vespers on Sunday, February the fourth, will be given by Miss Bertha Conde, a member of the Executive Committee of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. Her subject will be "The World's Student Christian Federation Conference in Constantinople." Miss Conde attended the conference last April and visited various missionary institutions; she had a very helpful part in preparation for the conference and in the meetings.

Our Wellesley missionary, Dr. Ruth P. Hume, 1892, of Ahmednagar, India, will be at the college during the week of March thirteenth. She will speak at the Wednesday evening meeting, and there will be an informal reception for her on Saturday afternoon, March sixteenth. Dr. Hume will be glad to tell all she can about this medical work that is being carried on in the name of Wellesley, and conferences may be arranged with her through the General Secretary of the Christian Association.

The following letter explaining the general conditions at Ahmednagar has been received from Dr. Hume:

LETTER FROM DR. RUTH HUME.

Dr. Julia Bissell, 1886, the Wellesley missionary at Ahmednagar, who was my predecessor, worked tremendously hard under difficult conditions. She is still known there as "Our Juliabai." She had some wards used for a few in-patients and a hired house in the city for a large dispensary attendance.

Dr. Bissell laid splendid foundations and had a large vision for a more adequate hospital. This building was ready on my arrival in 1903, waiting for beds and other equipment.

Dr. Eleanor Stephenson, 1895, reached Ahmednagar in 1906. The American Staff now consists of Dr. Stephenson, Miss Johnson, the Superintendent of nurses, and myself. The Indian Staff includes a hospital assistant and compounder, who studied at a Christian Medical School for Women in India, and from twelve to fourteen nurses trained, or in training, at Ahmednagar.

While studying Marathi and fitting up the hospital in the first months I had my fill of the few absolutely necessary operations I consented to do in tiny, dark rooms, where patients and their friends knew little of ordinary cleanliness, much less surgical asepsis. It was a satisfaction later to work in our own white operating room, one of Wellesley's gifts to the Ahmednagar Hospital. Ever since then, surgery, both major and minor, has been a large part of the hospital work; though of course, all kinds of diseases are brought—medical, surgical and everything else.

The hospital can now easily accommodate seventy-five in-patients, and even a hundred can be admitted. Additional room has been made possible by the building of the Nurses' Home, since the nurses were occupying considerable ward space.

The dispensary clinics for out-patients have been held at different places and at different times of day,—in the city or just outside the city wall, as a convenience to patients living in various places and having various occupations.

Another feature which Dr. Stephenson has especially developed is going to neighboring villages for clinics. So in all these ways the medical work has been able to reach far. Probably there are very few villages in a large area from which no one has come for treatment. And patients often come from long distances. Two Bible-women give their time to work with our patients, all of whom hear something of the gospel of Christ. Those who remain at the hospital for any length of time have considerable knowledge and must return to their homes with a new and modified attitude toward the Christ. The husbands, fathers and brothers of such patients must surely find their women folk less doggedly conservative than many others. Some day there will be a large turning to Christ, not only of individuals, but of whole families.

Wellesley has generously backed up the Ahmednagar Hospital in many ways, but two specific gifts I would mention in particular. The friends of Mary B. W. Alexander, 1907, individually and as a class, have given as a memorial to her, "for the Ahmednagar Hospital which she loved," a large proportion of the sum needed to put in running water. In addition to the convenience of not having to carry several times every drop of water used, there is the additional gain that all patients will use water from a faucet, whereas previously the friends of high caste patients brought their water from a distance.

For four years Chandri Kaboi received from Wellesley her scholarship as a medical student; and now Wellesley pays her salary as our hospital assistant. The demand for women hospital assistants is so great, that if we had not paid her scholarship, some other hospital would have secured her. She is able to do a large and responsible amount of work.

Do you wonder that Dr. Stephenson and I named our house, close by the hospital, "Wellesley?" There we are trying to prove our college education worth while, to live the college motto, to do the work to which our Alma Mater sends us, and to do it with increasing effectiveness year by year.

DOROTHY M. GOSTENHOFER,

Secretary of the Missionary Committee.



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All items of college interest will be received by Miss Cathrene H. Peebles, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All Alumnæ News should be sent to Miss Bertha March, 394 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

All business communications should be sent to Miss Frances Gray, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions should be sent to Miss Dorothy Blodgett, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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EDITORIAL.

"It is always pleasant to have any relations whatever with Wellesley College," said a prominent man in the big non-collegiate world, the other day, "because there is always such a fine, distinctive flavor of real courtesy in its communications." At that the editor immediately pricked up her ears, figuratively speaking, and in a little while had discovered a certain phase of Wellesley's reputation among other colleges and in the outside world, of which she had not even speculated before. People know us for our courtesy! Of course, that is all

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due to the administration of the college, but even as we take delight in the beautiful out-of-doors of our college, for which we are not in the least responsible, so we can find proud and loyal pleasure in our wide reputation for courtesy. It makes us realize, does this pleasure, that the family we belong to is an essentially "good" one, living out the honor of its motto in every-day matters. Also, there may be a moral for the younger members of the family to live up to the reputation the elder ones have gained, in various small, significant matters, such as politeness and hospitality to guests, good manners and kindness in the routine, intimate things of daily trips to the village, daily intercourse of business and pleasure.

LECTURE BY MR. ORR, DEPUTY COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Mr. Orr, in lecturing on the afternoon of January 25, before members of the Education Department, spoke of "Efficiency in Teaching" with especial reference to secondary schools, on account of the great interest of college students who are preparing to teach, in these schools. Mr. Orr, who was at one time principal of the Springfield (Massachusetts) High School, and who is now Deputy Commissioner of Education in Massachusetts, showed with every word of his lecture that he knew High School boys and girls keenly—many degrees better than most people, or than they themselves.

The tests for efficiency in teaching are the same ones in principle that are applied to any machine or process of work. Three questions must be met in the case of a machine: First, is the machine constructed to accomplish a certain, definite purpose? Second, does it accomplish that purpose with the

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minimum expenditure of time and energy and the maximum result? Third, is the product worth while? The meeting of the question of aim is one of the most sharply significant of the teacher's success or failure.

The aim of High School teaching is two-fold; (1) to give the pupil absolute command of certain facts, principles and processes, so that they are used unconsciously and the pupil can learn to consider, discriminate and judge, (2) to lead the pupil to real enjoyment and appreciation of the subject, so that his outlook over it is broad and enthusiastic. The methods of the two aims are different, and the fields must be kept separate. To select that which is distinctly within reach of the pupils, the absolutely essential, to make a vitally significant and interesting approach to the facts to be learned—those are the sine qua non of the good teacher in the first field.

In the second kind of teaching, inherent and native tendencies are being appealed to for definite reactions; the element of superior authority must give way to that of the guide and leader, and the teacher must let the work do itself, if the real interest and appreciation of the pupils is to be aroused.

To accomplish these aims with the minimum of time and energy, both on the part of the class as well as the teacher, and with the maximum result, sympathetic understanding and contact on the part of the teacher are absolute essentials. If the college-trained teacher can merge her widely dissimilar college point of view in that of her High School pupils, if she can know her boys and girls, the third test is met, and there is no question of the value of her implanting of the divine spark of enthusiasm for great and good things in the minds of her boys and girls.

GRADUATE SCHOLARSHIPS AND FELLOWSHIPS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

Graduate students and members of the Senior class who are interested are referred to a letter posted on the graduate bulletin board giving information in regard to graduate scholarships and fellowships offered by the University of Chicago. A few of these scholarships are open to candidates who have just completed their undergraduate work. Others are open only to candidates who have already completed a year or more of graduate study.

ELLEN F. PENDLETON.

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COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Saturday, February 3, afternoon and evening,
meeting of Graduate Council.

7.30 P.M. Barnswallows.

Sunday, February 4, 11.00 A.M., Houghton Memorial Chapel, Communion service. Rev. Willis H. Butler of Northampton.

7.00 P.M. Vespers. Missionary address.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Professor Hart gave a lecture on Tuesday, the twenty-third, before the Boston Equal Suffrage Study Course, on "The Professional Woman and the Ballot." She repeated the lecture on Friday evening, the twenty-sixth.

Pingsa Hu gave an informal parlor talk at Freeman, Friday evening, on "The Revolution in China."

The Christian Association, Wednesday, January 24, in College Hall Chapel, was led by Katharine Duffield. Subject: "Fidelity."

The meeting in St. Andrew's Church was led by Mary Clarke.

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An illustrated lecture on the Passion Play at Oberammergau was given in College Hall Chapel, Monday evening, by Mrs. Elise Blattner of St. Louis.

The meeting of the Equal Suffrage League at the Shakespeare House, Monday evening, was addressed by Mrs. Park, President of the Massachusetts Woman's Suffrage Association. The subject of her talk was "Actual Results of Woman's Suffrage."

A student recital was given at Billings Hall, Tuesday afternoon, January 23.

Thursday afternoon, February 1, President Pendleton gave a reception for Miss McKeag, President-elect of Wilson College.

Tuesday, January 23, Dr. Snow gave a most interesting lecture before the Botany Seminary Course on her research work last summer, into the soil conditions of the sand dunes along the Delaware coast.

The Class of 1912 enjoyed a revival of their past history in the form of stereopticon views, in the Geology Lecture Room, Saturday evening, January 27.

The Rev. Raymond Calkins spoke at three o'clock, Sunday afternoon, at the Tau Zeta Epsilon House at an informal reunion of the Silver Bay people.

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RIVERTON STREET COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

The News has received a report of the work of the Riverton Street College Settlement, through the kindness of Miss Balch. Extracts from the report follow:

"What do you care if you have been waiting half an hour for your turn at the looking glass? That's camp life.' The words 'camp life' were this summer among the girls of the College Settlement a magic solvent of all difficulties of temper or bodily inconvenience and an inspiration to all manner of constructive enterprises.

"Everyone had said in the past that girls' camps might be all very well for the right kind of girl, but you never could carry one off with settlement girls. Where would they put their dresses in a camp? How could you expect a girl who was used to living in a safe tenement apartment to be willing to sleep in a tent in the woods? And besides, even if they were willing to, they cannot rough it, and you will have them all sick on your hands. These were the discouraging words of all but the most sanguine friends of girls, but last spring the time had come when it was necessary to risk it all. The girls' cottage in its second year had proved itself too

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small to give adequate vacations to the settlement's mothers with children and the settlement's girls too. Accordingly, as there was no hope of being able to put up another house for the mothers, a camp for the girls had to be.

The spot chosen was on the side of the ridge looking over Ladentown in the valley, toward the Ramapo Mountains and the sunsets. Enough trees were cut down so that the tents could be put up, but no more, and a path was cut through the trees in back of the cottage. The distance from the cottage was not great; the lights could be seen at night and the roof by day, but for all that the camp was as far from the intruding world as though it had been on the edge of a Maine lake.

"The lack of space for best dresses, instead of keeping the girls away, kept the dresses away, and what few dresses were brought up were stored in the attic of the cottage. The camp started out with a mirror in each of the sleeping tents, but an exciting moment in the time of the first party hurled one mirror to the floor, and though for a week or two the frameless glass was propped upon chairs when needed, and though certain jagged bits of it even lingered until the end of the season, nevertheless the fact remains that the summer proved that one eight-by-ten mirror is quite sufficient for all the needs of sixteen girls.

"Just what brought into the girls' camp that spirit which one would have hoped to induce only by many years of patient cultivation it is hard to say. Perhaps it was the girls' wish to live up to the traditional spirit of Camp Williams; perhaps it was the hope that some day the clubs of big girls may be deemed fit to start their own club camps like the Unity Camp and Camps Lincoln and Franklin; perhaps it was the fact that all winter long every girl in the Girls' Association had been saving money to help build the camp; perhaps it was the determination that the sage remarks of the boys

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about the lack of all sporting spirit in girls should receive the contempt they deserve; it may even have been the inevitable triumph of reality over the merely material when it is given a chance to show itself. Whatever may have been the cause, the effect is certain and the summer leaves the settlement feeling more encouraged about its girls than it has been before for many years. It is possible to feel now that not only do the girls know what camp life means, but that through growth in sincerity and the power to discriminate between true and false values, they may even be on the way to knowing what real life means.

"Of course, perfection is not attained to in a day, nor even in a summer. Some girls, while quite willing to do their own share and more, were yet loudly afraid that others would do less than theirs. The paper-and-rubbish-strewn streets of the East Side were reflected in the surroundings of the camp to some extent. No mortal power could prevent the girls from throwing scraps of paper and pieces of rubbish on the ground instead of into the rubbish boxes; but they found hard to bear the corollary of dropping paper—picking up after themselves on hands and knees—and it is possible that that very hardness may make easier in the future the lives of some of the city's street cleaners.

"A few statistics relating to the camp may be interesting. The cost of the camp, including all the expenses of building and equipment, was \$545.66. Of this sum \$45.52 had come from the girls themselves. The girls who stayed at the camp in the ten weeks of the season numbered eighty-eight. Most of them were there for two weeks, but several could

take only one week for vacation, and fitted in as best they could. The money paid by them varied from \$1.65 to \$5.00, depending upon the age of the girl and the length of her stay. In all, they paid in board \$282.85. A total of 3,537 meals were eaten at the girls' camp.

The following is one of a number of essays written by the members of the Lend a Hand Club and read at one of their meetings. A prize was awarded to the writer:

ABOUT THE LENDER HAND CLUB

I am a member of the Lender Hand Club.

I think that this Club is a very good and polite one.

The members of our Club are very polite.

They show how polite they are in the ways I am going to tell. In case a teacher of the settlement passes, we tip our hats. Sometimes when a teacher carries a satchel the member who sees her will ask her to let him carry the satchel. If a blind or old person passes the street and wants to cross the gutter, we take them across.

We look out for the settlement. If anybody rings the bell, who rings it to have fun, I will tell him to stop, and if I catch him again then I will do to him what he needs.

I remain, Isidor Koslin,

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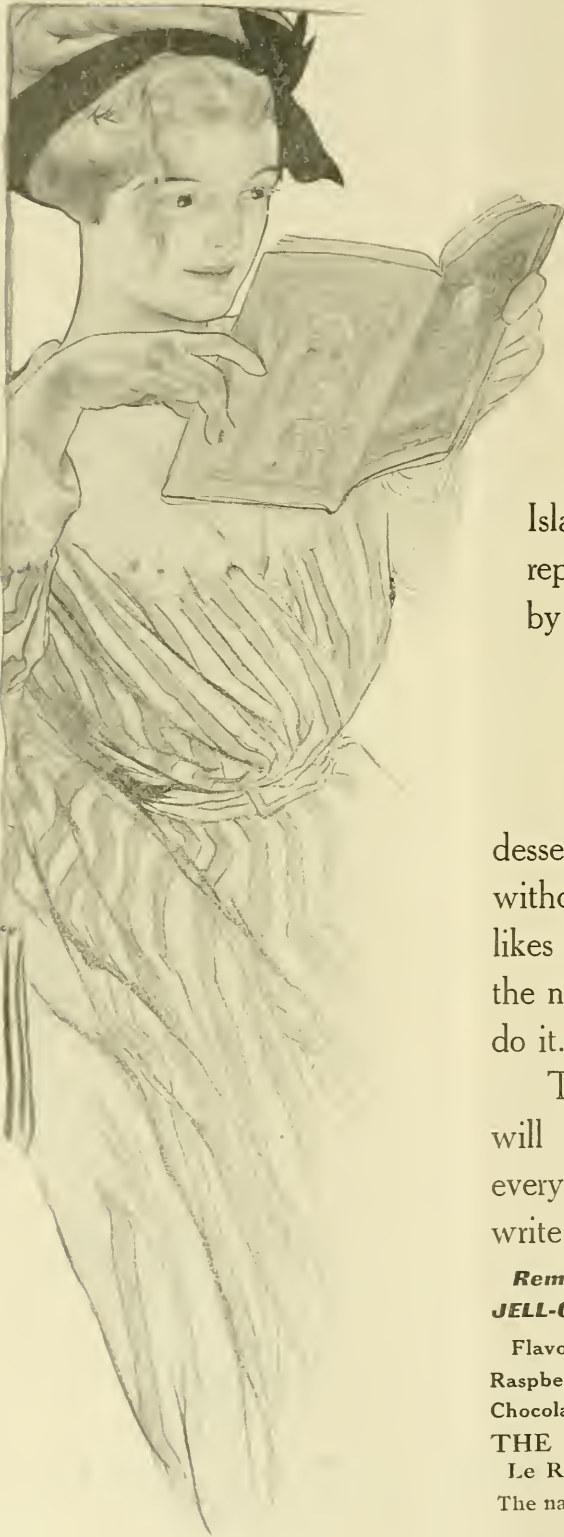
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